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The Week

THE appointment of a committee headed by Owen D. Young in the New York Federal Reserve District to find ways of making use of the enlarged credit resources of the banks is an interesting development. For many months a group of economists has been arguing that reflation could be accomplished by central banking policy alone. Let the Federal Reserve Banks buy up to $500,000,000 worth of government securities, said those who argued for this policy, and credit would automatically be expanded. From the first The New Republic has expressed doubts concerning the efficacy of this experiment. To whom would the banks lend, even if they accumulated large assets which were not earning interest? Were there enough good borrowers who wanted credit for productive purposes? The answer was merely that the banks would be forced to lend in ... [illegible] ... it reflected an almost mystic faith on the part of the monetary theorists. Well, the experiment has now been tried, and so far is almost a complete failure. First we had to wait until the member banks got out of debt to the Reserve Banks. When that had been accomplished, advocates of the policy said that three or four weeks more would begin to produce an effect. Eventually it was seen that positive action must be taken to find a use for the credit—hence the Young Committee. We have no idea what they will recommend or whether they will be successful, but their very existence is a reminder that the normal business structure is suffering from something worse than lack of bank accommodations; if we are to start up industry we must find a planned and deliberate way to do so rather than relying on the automatic action of private enterprise.

AN EXCUSE for the failure of the expansionist central banking policy put forth by some of its advocates is that, just as it had reached the stage where it might be expected to exert an effect on prices and markets, a blow at confidence was delivered by the renewed agitation in Washington for government appropriations for unemployment relief and a large construction program. Why assume that confidence can have been injured only by governmental action? Confidence has been hammered down by blow after blow, most of the heaviest of which—such as the Kreuger and Insull receiverships—have been due to private banking activities themselves. By an ironical turn, this very excuse is based on an objection to the one reliable means of making use of the expanded credit resources. Why is it that those who hope and pray that private business will borrow money to expand plants and put men to work, pooh-pooh the efficacy of the very same activity if it is undertaken by government? We can think of no better way to restore confidence than for the state, by a large employing and buying program, to release a current of purchasing power throughout our main economic arteries, one which would tend to raise prices and enlarge sales. When business saw these effects, it would respond as it will never respond to governmental and banking

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PRESIDENT Hoover's solemn appearance before the Senate in a plea for the general sales tax, on the basis of the argument that foreign countries, doubting the ability of this government to meet its obligations, were selling the dollar and might drive us off the gold standard, constitutes a mistaken surrender to hysterical propaganda in favor of a thoroughly bad policy. We cannot escape the belief that what he was really worrying most about was the imminence of a drastic increase of income taxes—the Senate had just passed the Connally amendment to bring in $70,000,000 more from this source. According to the estimates of Secretary Mills, this action would leave a deficit of not much more than $100,000,000. Why a deficit of this relatively small amount in a year of depression should lead to grave doubts of the solvency and good faith of the United States is a mystery indeed, but if still more must be raised, it is easy enough to reduce the exemptions to the income tax, and much fairer to do so than to tax all incomes by the sales levy. No doubt the President is conscious of the fact that, once the general sales tax is admitted to our fiscal scheme, it will be but a step to substantial reduction in the higher income-tax brackets. This is the time and the place for Congress to stand firmly for the public interest in equitable taxation and sound national policy, as against the mob spirit of the rich which the President typifies.

HAVING sown the wind in Germany, the Allies (and France most of all) must now reap the whirlwind. President von Hindenburg has taken the first steps toward that ultimate Fascist dictatorship the prospect of which has frightened all Europe for so many months. The specific quarrel between the President and Chancellor Brüning was based on the latter's demand for a free hand during the Lausanne conference, and his proposal to take over some of the great estates in Germany and put the unemployed to work on them; but what lies behind Brüning's enforced resignation is the mounting power of the Hitlerites and the fact that von Hindenburg is himself, after all, a Junker and a militarist. The new government is certain to be much farther to the right than the one which Brüning with such difficulty kept going for more than two years; the Nazis will participate in it if they do not rule it; and the new general election which now seems to be inevitable will almost certainly give the party another tremendous increase in their strength.

THE first result of the German news is to make the Lausanne conference seem even more futile and hopeless than before. It was postponed for many weeks in order to wait until after the French and German elections, just as the Disarmament Conference at Geneva is now marking time until Lausanne is over. But the position in Germany today is such that no important agreements at Lausanne are possible. Brüning has said repeatedly in the past few weeks that Germany would pay no more reparations; but such a declaration coming from him is very different from the same words in the mouth of Adolf Hitler. Hitler, if he comes into power, is extremely unlikely to go to war against France over reparations; but he is perfectly capable of buying France's consent to cancellation by offering something else, such as Germany's coöperation in a possible war against Russia. The whole situation is full of dynamite; and for it, as we have suggested, the Allies have only themselves to thank. Their policy ever since the Armistice has been one to make every German despair; and despair always breeds Hitlers.

THOUGH it may have come too late, the most hopeful word out of France which we have heard for many years was the speech of former Premier Painlevé, likely to be influential in the new government, in which he declared that the best way out of the debts and reparations tangle was to wipe the slate clean of both. No one in France, he said, doubted that Germany was incapable of making payment, and all knew that these arbitrary payments between governments underlay the present world crisis. "France must therefore give up, for a long time at least, any hope of receiving payment of that unconditional annuity established by the Hague agreements." These are unequivocal words, the effect of which is scarcely marred by the concession M. Painlevé made to nationalist sentiment in saying France would insist upon recognition of her rights, as distinguished from their application, and by the suggestion that some compensatory device ought to be set up in Germany to prevent her from realizing an advantage in international trade from lower costs. The whole speech was clearly an invitation to the United States to participate in the Lausanne conference, to abandon our position of bargaining on the debts and, instead, to assume the leadership in a movement to restore world trade. But of course the Hoover administration will do no such thing. If the new French government officially follows M. Painlevé's lead, the responsibility for blocking world recovery will be seen to rest directly on the government of the United States, provided that Germany does not obstruct all peaceful efforts.

EVEN if Jimmy Walker never did a technically dishonest thing in his life, he is not fit, and never has been, to be Mayor of New York. He made this clear when he appeared on the witness stand, both by what he admitted and by his manner. Perhaps the most damning single fact about his testimony was the empurpled efforts of his Tammany colleagues on the committee to prevent the truth from coming out; it was all too plain that they believed Jimmy guilty of the most desperate turpitude and felt that they were acting with the highest

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magnanimity in standing by the organization even under these last-stand conditions. It is a singular commentary on the present state of our public morals that the chief interest in Mayor Walker's testimony was centered upon Governor Roosevelt; would he act to remove the sprightly Jimmy, whose friends threw money at him as though at a Coney Island target? And if the Governor took this action, would it help or hinder his chances for the Democratic nomination and subsequently for being elected? All this is important, certainly; but the attitude of Mayor Jimmy and his boy friends will give us all something to think about long after Franklin D. Roosevelt is or isn't in the White House.

THE United States Supreme Court has granted the plea made on behalf of the defendants in the Scottsboro case, and the seven Negro lads will not go to death on June 24. Their execution is postponed at least until after the case has been heard by the Supreme Court, which at the earliest will be next autumn; and if the Court follows the precedent set by its own earlier decision in a strikingly similar case, the defendants will be granted a new trial, or perhaps set free. That the Court's action is good news is to put it mildly. The reasons for believing that these young Negroes did not have a fair trial have been set forth at length in our pages and need not be repeated here. Their execution this month would have shocked civilized people throughout the world as no American event has done in the five years that have elapsed since the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti.

LAST week Elmer Davis described in The New Republic the empty city above the twelfth floor in New York skyscrapers. Now Shelter, an architectural magazine, proposes that these buildings be taken over to house the unemployed. They could be remodeled for residence use with comparatively little expense, and would provide living conditions so far superior to the airless and sunless slums that they would constitute a relative paradise. These buildings do not now pay; many of them are in receivership. Shelter prints a picture showing a tenement area, and adjacent to it a largely empty skyscraper one floor of the wing of which contains space enough to house a whole city block. The tenants, paying seven dollars a month for their apartments, and being fed by scientific kitchens in the big buildings, would be employed to clean and beautify the slum areas, thus creating desirable open spaces. This rent, on the basis of calculations made concerning the Starrett-Lehigh Building, which could house 2,000 families, "would not pay a profit on the builders' gambling stake or junior mortgage, but would pay for the operation of the mechanical unit." This may be a crazy idea, but it is not so crazy as the economic world in which it is projected.

AS THE depression grows deeper and the number of unemployed increases, it is doubly satisfactory to know of one city where those who are out of work are solving their own problem, at least to some extent. The city is Seattle, Washington, where fifty thousand of the unemployed, representing a tenth of the population, have banded themselves as the Unemployed Citizens' League and are carrying on much of the business of life without the use of money. The membership fee in the League is two days' work a week, but only about one-half the members are contributing this much, the others being without skill in the League's enterprises. Every member is given food and other necessities for himself and his family, share and share alike. The League is conducting a clothing factory, a shoe factory and a coal mine. It is operating numerous farms and livestock ranches, as well as garages, barber shops and other businesses. It has even taken over apartment houses in the city, putting them into repair in exchange for a lease of a specified period during which members of the League can occupy the apartments rent free.

ALL these enterprises have been inaugurated practically without the use of working capital. Farmers, unable to earn a living on their land, have turned it over to the League and have become members, receiving for their families the same maintenance that others get. Trucks have been donated by business firms unable, because of the depression, to make use of them; and the coal mine and the factories have been obtained on the same basis. The state of Washington has loaned much land, some of it in timber; and workers are carried from and to Seattle each day in the borrowed trucks. Even the social side of life is not neglected by the indefatigible League, which arranges dances for its members, and gives vaudeville shows and rallies. While it is not in politics, and its members are of every political affiliation, it is influential enough to turn the tide in an election—as, indeed, it recently did—and is therefore treated with wholesome respect by Seattle's politicians. One could ask no better proof that the depression is stupid and needless than the success of this League. All over America, there are millions of skilled workers wanting jobs, standing outside the barred gates of barred factories. Maldistribution of money is the corrosive which stops the wheels of machinery; and if you can only manage to get around this difficulty, as Seattle's fifty thousand have done so successfully, people can again have a chance to earn their daily bread.

A CHICAGO printer friend of ours has been meditating on the Mooney case; and the longer he meditated, the madder he got. Deciding that he would like to have the Californians know what he thinks of them, he has printed in large quantities,

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on paper gummed on one side, the following message:

> California! Home of Sun-kist Oranges, Raisins, Prunes, and the sour and bitter LEMON of "California Justice." FREE TOM MOONEY!

These labels he proposes to paste upon the sides of refrigerator cars homeward bound toward California. He is distributing them in numbers to some of his friends who feel as he does and will take the same action. It is safe to say that a great many inhabitants of the six-carat Golden State will be annoyed by reading these labels in the next few months. Probably this action won't help much to set Tom Mooney free; but it also won't do his cause any harm, and it represents a form of direct political action which seems to us to have immense possibilities. Why not some labels for the Alabamans who propose to murder the Negro boys in the Scottsboro case? Or for the authorities in Harlan and Bell Counties, Kentucky? Here we have the beginnings of what obviously ought to be a long list, and we invite our readers to suggest additions to it.

WHAT'S all this nonsense about a depression? The Worcester Electric Light Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts, hasn't heard of any such thing. It paid a 32-percent dividend last year, amounting to three-quarters of a million dollars, and a 64-percent dividend, or a million and a half, the year before, making a neat total of 96 percent in two years, during which most business men were out in the garden eating worms. All this money went to the New England Power Association, which some time ago bought the Worcester company and is now proceeding to get back the purchase price as rapidly as possible. The N. E. P. A. also bought local electric companies in other New England cities, and has been squeezing profits out of them at a similar fantastically high rate. In Quincy, the rate was 48 percent in 1931; in Attleboro, 40 percent; in Lowell, 14.4 percent; and so on.

LARGE sums are also taken by the parent company for "management fees"; these charges increased from $66,000 in 1927 to $1,500,000 in 1929 and there is no evidence that they have been much decreased, if at all, since then. Another scheme by which the local companies are bled white is the withdrawal of money for taxes; it is stated by the Federal Trade Commission that each subsidiary company is forced to pay an amount equal to its full federal taxes, although the N. E. P. A. makes a consolidated tax return. While these vast sums are rolling into the pockets of the power trust, the cities which are thus being mulcted are struggling desperately to feed and clothe their unemployed; in Worcester, for example, the public treasury with difficulty found $1,200,000 for the poor last year, while the power company took away two-thirds of that sum in profits. As we don't need to say, these profits are made possible by unfairly high rates, permitted by the state regulatory authority. . . . Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard made in The New Republic of May 18 a spirited defense of state regulation and state regulators. We shall be somewhat more impressed by his argument when we see the state of Massachusetts put an end to this shocking situation which exists just around the corner from Comrade Ripley.

AMERICANS have not heard much lately of the Italian anti-Fascist movement; but this does not mean that it is no longer functioning. Indeed, some difficulties which have hindered it in the past have been at least partially cleared away, and notably the differences between liberals and socialists, who constitute two of its most important elements. The strongest group of anti-Fascists at present is that known as "Giustizia e Libertà" ("Justice and Liberty"), headed by Professors Salvemini and Rosselli. The program of this group calls for transfer to the peasants of estates of the landlords; the socialization of essential industry, with control by the workers; complete separation of Church and State; and the drastic suppression of all who have benefited personally from Fascism. Another important anti-Fascist movement is that of "Giovane Italia" ("Young Italy"), working in the Mazzini tradition, and still another is an Italian branch of the International League for the Rights of Man.

ALL these anti-Fascist activities have their general headquarters in France, since it is of course impossible for them to work openly inside Italy. However, their propaganda goes unceasingly across the border, and the Fascist leaders themselves have testified to its effectiveness. It may be that the anti-Fascists will never achieve the violent overturn of the Mussolini dictatorship which they are seeking; it is quite possible that the regime will be modified by successive stages until most of the main demands of the hostile groups have been satisfied. In either case, however, it seems fairly sure that the ideas of Professor Salvemini and his colleagues will have an increasing influence as the country gets farther away from the extraordinary psychological situation of the post-war years.

AT LAST a leading university has had the courage to break with commercialized and overemphasized athletics. Yale's program of restricting intercollegiate football to five games, subordinating the professional coach, admitting students free, charging lower rates to the general public and stimulating intra-mural competition will go far to puncture the inflation of sport. If the public must have costly spectacles, let them be frankly commercial, rather than parading in the borrowed prestige of higher education. Yale's action pulls down the side-

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show which, as Woodrow Wilson once said, had overshadowed the main tent. The question remains what the main tent has to offer. Will it be capable of giving the students something as engrossing, something as full of the excitement of ideas and action, as the practice field, the strategy blackboard and the concrete bowl? One would be glad to see young college men squandering sustained and wholehearted devotion upon something worth while.

In Time of Peace, Prevent War

WAR BETWEEN Japan and Soviet Russia, as anyone may see who reads Mr. Jonathan Mitchell's article in this number of The New Republic, is a real possibility. To say that it is a possibility is not to say that it is bound to happen. An eventuality which is so much discussed and discounted in advance may, for that very reason, become the more remote. Nevertheless, the Great War did not evaporate just because it was prophesied. And the bare possibility of this new war is something on which our minds ought to concentrate, because if it does occur it is likely to be much the biggest influence on human events in the next decade—bigger even than the depression. There are two commanding objectives of policy in this regard. One is, if possible, to prevent this war from occurring. The other is to localize it if it does occur. We must not stand idly and vapidly by, as we did in 1912 and 1913, and suddenly be surprised by the outbreak of a conflagration which in the end may consume us.

It is agreed by all commentators that if the war does begin, it will begin by aggression on the part of Japan: clearly the Soviet Union would do anything within reason to avoid a clash. This aggression, of course, would be veiled by circumstances and excuses seized upon as a means of propaganda by the aggressive Power. The aggression might even, when the flare-up came, be beyond the control of any conscious will in Japan. Nevertheless, the choice of war or peace lies in the first instance with Tokio. That must be the major premise of our calculations.

What will decide this choice? A large influence will arise from internal forces in Japan over which we can have no control. The military are of course in power, and nobody knows how far they will go, or what madness will seize them. But militarists who are not civilians but really in uniform do after all exercise a certain amount of cool calculation. Their ambitions may be gargantuan, but their strategy does attempt to be unromantic. The longer heads among the army chieftains will not be likely to start a war in Siberia unless they are reasonably certain that they can achieve their objectives. The Soviets' power to stop them will be the chief element in deciding their plans.

Obviously they are much more likely to attack if they have reason to believe they can find aid on the western front. Mr. Mitchell has touched on the possibility that they may be helped by Rumania and Poland, the one attempting to extend and validate her conquest of Bessarabia, the other trying to seize the Ukraine and an outlet to the sea other than Danzig, and both relying on the financial and diplomatic support of France. But there is one important piece that does not yet fall into its place in this picture puzzle. What will Germany do? Clearly the Socialist and Communist elements would be opposed to any war, and particularly to this one. The Nationalists might seize the occasion to proceed against France and Poland. But there is a chance that Germany might be bought off. If, due to the steady disintegration of her economic life, the continued unrest and the growing resentment against her former enemies, the Nazis acceded to power, Hitler might be handled.

Already Hitler has had, it is reported, private conferences with the French. The industrialists who contribute to his funds include important French companies. France might agree to give him a free hand in Germany, and even to make substantial concessions on reparations, and Poland might agree to a settlement of the Corridor dispute, if he would promise Poland a free hand on her eastern frontier. This would not be a difficult maneuver for him to execute, in view of the intense hostility toward Communism among his followers. The Japanese might well believe that if they could obtain a virtual alliance with Rumania and Poland, the benevolent neutrality of France, and the consent of Germany, on which in turn these other advantages would rest, the other nations could be depended upon to veer in her direction, on account of the whole capitalist world's potential enmity toward the Soviets. In that case, the outcome might be a world crusade against Communism, in the smoke and dust of which Japan could easily make off with her coveted booty. Such at least would be the Japanese strategists' calculations. For our part, we think the chances are more than even that another world war would lead to world revolution.

Clearly there are two keys to this situation which the United States can, if it will, help to turn. We can first do something to allay the fever of the German people and help to prevent Hitler from coming into power. We can do this by assuming a position of leadership in a prompt disposal of the burden of war debts and reparations and a movement to reduce tariffs. Give the Germans hope, and they will not be so ready to play for their lives with dice loaded by war. In addition to the powerful motives already existing in the economic crisis for an extraction of these international poisons, we now have the motive of assisting to avoid a future world war. And it is fatal, in this matter, to wait for Europe to move—which means wait-

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Laval a free hand, the situation has been getting worse. We, as the legal recipients of the war-debt payments into which the reparations payments are channeled, and as the possessors of one of the highest tariffs in the world, constitute the key log in the jam.

Next, we can, as Mr. Mitchell and many others have said, exert a powerful and direct effect on the situation by recognizing the Soviet Union and financing trade with it. This effect would be at once material and moral. It would assist the Russian people to hasten the industrial development on which their powers of military resistance depend and would thus discourage all potentially hostile army staffs from attempting to bite off more than they could chew. And it would be a sign to the rulers of Japan that they could not count on the Bolshevik bogey to gain them a world alliance for their aggressive purposes. It is outrageous that, while we maintain friendly diplomatic relations with a ruling group which, by grace of repeated assassinations, has placed a military dictatorship in power, and which has violated three solemn international agreements against aggression, we decline to recognize and assist a nation controlled by its workers, which is striving in every way to keep the peace in order that it may build a better life for its citizens.

The Facts About Public Works

THE PAST week has witnessed the submission of three major programs for the relief of business depression and unemployment through public works financed directly or indirectly with federal credit, two from Democratic leaders in Senate and House and the third from Mr. Hoover. There has also been a crop of less important bills of like tenor. Of the bill introduced by Senator La Follette last December, perhaps the most adequate measure of its kind offered to date, nothing further has recently been heard.

The program of the Senate Democrats, introduced by Mr. Wagner, calls for an advance of $300,000,000 by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation under its existing powers to states for emergency relief; an increase of $1,500,000,000 in the authorized borrowing power of the Corporation to be used almost entirely for loans to states, municipalities and private business for "self-liquidating" projects; and a fund of $500,000,000 for already authorized *federal* public works, this sum being raised by a direct twenty-five-year bond issue.

Speaker Garner's measure differs from the Wagner bill in providing double the amount—one billion dollars—for federal public works financed by [illegible] percent gasoline tax. It authorizes capital expansion of one billion dollars of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for loans to states, political subdivisions and private interests for income-producing projects as against the billion and a half proposed by Senator Wagner; and it provides $100,000,000 instead of $300,000,000 for the direct relief of destitution.

The issuance of federal bonds for public-works construction has encountered flat opposition from the President, who has stigmatized the proposal as "pork-barrel relief" and "an unexampled raid on the public treasury." His own program calls for the loan of $300,000,000 to the states for direct relief, an advance of $40,000,000 for financing exports, and $1,160,000,000 for financing self-liquidating projects through the purchase of state securities, the entire sum to be raised by increasing the working fund of the R. F. C. by $1,500,000,000. The chief bone of contention between Mr. Hoover and the Democratic leaders thus lies first, in their proposals to finance part of the public-works program by bond issue and second, in his insistence that all the outlays should be exclusively of the "productive" or revenue-producing variety.

Since President Hoover has long been an advocate of expanded public works for unemployment relief at just such times as the present, the grounds of his determined opposition to their acceleration through federal bond issues today are of interest. His objection is threefold: Further long-term borrowing would endanger the balancing of the budget and "demoralize government credit"; it would destroy more employment than it created, in consequence of shattered confidence in the bond market; and, lastly, no considerable amount of public works remains to be done, since the anticipation of future need for many years to come "has rendered further expansion beyond our present program of very remote usefulness."

Taking this last statement first, to say that "all branches of government, federal, state and municipal, have greatly expanded their public works" is contrary to the facts. It is true chiefly of the federal government's construction outlays. These have been pushed, though how the inflated figures released from time to time were derived, or what they meant, remains a mystery to analysts of building statistics. The trustworthy figures reputed to be in the possession of the Federal Employment Stabilization Board have still to see the light of day. Figures of the Division of Public Construction do, however, show an increase in federal outlays for building construction, but only from $261,695,000 in 1929 (fiscal years) to $297,303,000 in 1930 and to $460,641,000 in 1931, and this rise was probably due in almost as large measure to a steeply upward trend of expenditures in recent years as to emergency efforts to speed construction.

Besides accelerating its own program the federal government also made possible an increase in road-

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building activities of the states by enlarged contributions for coöperative highway construction. Federal-aid payments for this purpose rose from $82,097,000 in 1929 and $75,881,000 in 1930, to $133,341,000 in 1931; federal-aid funds obligated during these years ran respectively at $70,429,000 (1929), $102,498,000 (1930) and $157,953,000 (1931). But federal-construction outlays of all varieties normally form only a small fraction, less than 10 percent, of total expenditures on public improvements throughout the country, and the above increases have been more than offset by a drastic decline in the public-works activities of the states and municipalities. Despite repeated official claims made earlier during the depression that appeals to local governmental units to speed their construction activities were meeting with gratifying response, the actual course of all public construction throughout the country has been as follows: 1927, $3,706,000,000; 1928, $3,631,000,000; 1929, $3,555,000,000; 1930, $3,632,000,000; 1931, probably not over $3,200,000,000. The Engineering News-Record, on the basis of figures for the first four months, estimates a probable decline in aggregate public-works construction for the present year of not less than $1,400,000,000. The American Society of Civil Engineers estimates that the total expenditures on state, county and municipal construction will not exceed $800,000,000 this year as compared with a normal expenditure of $2,500,000,000 during the past eight years, and declares that "the net effect of this decrease will be that over a million additional people will be thrown out of work."

One is amazed to be told by the President that there is not a sufficient volume of genuinely needed public works ready to be undertaken at short notice to give substantial employment. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that billions of dollars worth have been suspended through the wholesale elimination of all possible construction items from numerous local budgets because of shortage of funds. The federal government, however, will have to come to the rescue of the states and cities if this decline in public works is to be arrested. At present the latter, by reason of increased financial burdens coupled with adverse credit conditions which make impossible the flotation of large municipal bond issues, are having to cut down expenditures to the greatest extent possible. The President's claim that less than $100,000,000 could be expended during the next fiscal year beyond the program in the budget may be true of the federal government, but no plan of relief which depends mainly on federal-construction expansion will make more than a dent on the unemployment situation. The further statement that expenditure of this sum would give employment to 35,000 men directly, but indirectly to only perhaps 20,000 more, is puzzling, since the most careful estimates show that for every one person directly engaged in public works two others are given employment indirectly. Again it is not explained why employment on non-productive public works is "largely transitory."

The stipulation in the President's proposals that all, and in the Wagner and Garner bills, that a large part, of the construction funds shall be used for "self-liquidating" projects seriously weakens these measures. The total potential volume of such improvements which could be promptly initialed cannot be estimated, but normally such projects form decidedly the smaller of all public works. Former Governor Smith's challenge of the distinction is wholly valid. In the last analysis, of course, all public works, in so far as they are of genuine value, are productive to the community at large and are thus "self-liquidating" in the broadest and truest sense. One suspects the unrevealed reason for insistence on revenue-producing projects is fear that a genuinely bold and comprehensive program will entail tax increases in the upper income brackets.

It is a hollow assumption that a public-works bond issue must unbalance the budget. As pointed out recently in these columns by Professor Slichter, the common distinction drawn by business men between borrowing to pay current expenses and borrowing for permanent capital improvements holds good no less for public than for private outlays. Equally nonsensical is the notion that the supposed danger of being driven off the gold standard can be circumvented by making these issues federally guaranteed debentures of the R. F. C. instead of direct United States obligations. The transparency of this subterfuge is not likely to deceive investors.

The great danger is that timidity, hesitation and delay will ultimately produce a compromise measure so limited in authorization and hedged about with restrictions as to be altogether inadequate in affording the desired momentum for recovery. So far from being excessive, the programs of Senator Wagner and Speaker Garner err on the side of insufficiency. By the time one or other of these programs is adopted the situation may well have become such that the effects of the measure will be negligible and something a good deal more drastic will be required.

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Catastrophe in Siberia

THE DANGER of war between Japan and Soviet Russia is now acute. Japanese army chieftains have long desired an attack upon Russia. Two Siberian cities, Khabarovsk and Vladivostok, dominate northern Manchuria commercially and militarily. At Khabarovsk, the Trans-Siberian Railroad meets the Amur River at its junction with the Ussuri; Vladivostok is the terminal port of both the Trans-Siberian and Chinese Eastern railroads. These two cities are Japan's objectives.

In estimating the likelihood of war, it is important to understand the Japanese military attitude. Japan's generals and admirals do not fear Russia now, but they are immensely afraid of what Russia may become in 1942. They also fear, or profess to fear, an approaching great struggle with the United States for the control of China. Whether these fears are justified is immaterial. By seizing and holding Vladivostok and Khabarovsk, Japan's present position in Manchuria would be fortified; Russia would be discouraged (or so the Japanese hope) from going ahead with the settlement and development of Siberia, and Japan would be free to face the United States in the Pacific.

For some time reports have been current in Washington, London and Berlin that Soviet Russia, in the event of an attack by Japan, will not fight. These reports emphasize the fact that Russia already has surrendered direction of the Chinese Eastern Railway without serious protest. A war in Siberia might conceivably be disastrous for Russia, and at best would divert energy from Russia's industrial expansion. Furthermore, if under pressure from the United States and the League Assembly, Japan is eventually forced to abandon its present position in Manchuria, it will simultaneously be compelled (if only for military reasons) to give up any territory taken in Siberia.

It would be a distinguished and civilized gesture if Russia should refuse to be drawn into the war system, and should rest its defense upon an appeal of its doctrines to the masses of people in every country. However, reports that Russia will not fight are indignantly denied in Moscow. In the May Day celebrations at Khabarovsk, the Soviet soldier-hero, General Vassili Blücher, declared that the Red army would "prevent an alien foot from trampling on the soil of the collective farms." The phrase is, of course, reminiscent of the "Marseillaise," once the battle song of another revolutionary people.

On February 28, Japan's ambassador at Moscow, Koki Hirota, pledged the word of his government [illegible] pledge has been violated by the Japanese General Yoda, who is now slowly driving back General Wan Fu-lin and his rebel Manchu bannermen to the Siberian border. If Russia is unable or unwilling to halt and disarm General Wan's men at the frontier, there is great danger that General Yoda will pursue them into Russian territory. He will have many more or less respectable precedents, including General Pershing's expedition into Mexico after Villa in 1916. If General Yoda enters Siberia, it will be proof that the Japanese High Command is ready for, and wants, war with Russia.

The Russians themselves have feared for months that war would begin with a White Russian invasion of Siberia, followed by Japanese intervention. The White Russians are the first foreigners ever to be in China without the protection of a home government. They have had a miserable twelve years, and are desperately anxious for a war, which they hope would lead to an overturn in Russia. On March 21, Moscow was formally assured by Japan that it would suppress White Russian activities in northern Manchuria. Apparently this has not been done. It is estimated that there are about 20,000 White Guard veterans in Manchuria and China. Their commander, General Dietrichs, has headquarters in the French Concession at Shanghai, from which he has been sending appeals for funds to America.

In a Siberian war, Japan would have a great advantage in the speed with which it could place troops at the scene of fighting. According to calculations of foreign military observers, Russia has lately been sending reënforcements to the Far East over the Trans-Siberian Railroad at the rate of one division of 10,000 men a month. In case of war, it is believed this rate probably could be doubled, and a division, with necessary equipment, be sent every fifteen days. In contrast, Japan recently transported the Third and Fourteenth Divisions and various other units, 24,000 men in all, from Shanghai to Harbin in exactly six days, a feat of military efficiency worthy of the old German army.

It would be almost as difficult for Russia to carry on a war in Siberia as it was for the United States to fight in France in 1917-18. Vladivostok is about four thousand miles from Moscow, and the Trans-Siberian is in disrepair. Japan would have the magnificent South Manchuria Railway to Changchun, and the Chinese Eastern from Changchun to the Siberian border. Moreover, Vladivostok is only about seventy-five miles from the Japanese port of Seishin, in Korea, and only four hundred and fifty miles across the Sea of Japan [illegible] which the Japanese fleet would absolutely control)

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Japan appears to be approaching a domestic financial and industrial crisis. The same military cadets who murdered Premier Ki Inukai put bombs before the Mitsubishi bank and the Bank of Japan. Mr. Halleck A. Butts, United States commercial attaché at Tokio, a few days ago reported to Washington that the Japanese government internal loan to pay for the Shanghai campaign has failed, and that the Japanese Treasury is contemplating what Mr. Butts delicately calls "an expansion of currency," with stern measures to prevent an expected exodus of Japanese capital. The classic procedure for a ruling group, beseiged by circumstances, is to embark on a foreign war, and a war in Siberia, at least in its beginning, might yield satisfying Japanese victories.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that Japan has won a considerable victory in the Shanghai armistice negotiations. Japanese prestige in China is higher than it has been in ten years, and American and British prestige is correspondingly low. On May 4, immediately after the Shanghai armistice was signed, Chiang Kai-shek is supposed to have issued orders for the arrest and punishment of all leaders of the anti-Japanese boycott associations. It seems reasonably sure that the next Nanking government, now in process of formation, will be subservient to Japan. Should Japan fight Russia, these gains might be lost. China's politicians (as long as the war was in doubt) would be anti-Japanese; the anti-Japanese boycott would once more be clamped down and still greater encouragement be given to Manchurian insurgents.

How serious this would be for Japan would be determined by the degree to which China had the support of the Great Powers. The attitude of America and Europe must necessarily be a great factor in Japan's decision to fight Russia. If Japan, in a war with Russia, cannot obtain at least the benevolent neutrality of the United States and England, it may find itself being forced to make important concessions in China and Manchuria. Moreover, in a war of any duration, Japan would have to obtain foreign steel and chemicals, and foreign money to buy them with.

In Europe, Japan could count on the vociferous support of about 150,000 Russian White Guards, concentrated mostly in Jugoslavia and with headquarters at Prague. They hope Japan's declaration of war on Russia will be the signal for an attack on Russia from the west. The more nearly sane among the White Guard leaders do not think they can overthrow the Soviet government; what they want is an invasion (to be followed by capitalist intervention) of the Ukraine, just across the Polish-Rumanian frontier. The Ukraine is the industrial and agricultural heart of Russia, and its loss would immensely hinder the growth of Russia's power.

For many months the White Guard has intrigued plot against the life of Ambassador Hirota at Moscow, last December, was almost certainly of White Guard origin. The mad, wretched Gorgulov, assassin of President Doumer, in his anti-Soviet statements to the police merely repeats what he heard from his superiors at Prague. The great importance of the White Guard, however, lies in its connections with the French General Staff. In Paris, such influential figures as old Marshal Petain ceaselessly preach the coming menace of the Red army. In London, powerful groups, apparently alarmed by the spread of Chinese communism, are also giving secret encouragement to Japan. (It may be noted that Sir Henri Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch Shell and chief Russian-baiter in England, seems greatly mollified by Russia's willingness to enter the world oil conference lately called in New York City.)

Soviet Russia, for several years, has been endeavoring to form non-aggression agreements with its European neighbors. Treaties have been initiated with France, Finland, the small Baltic states and Poland. Ratification of these treaties, however, is dependent upon the conclusion of a similar agreement with Rumania. Rumania refuses to sign, ostensibly on the ground that Russia has not recognized its title to Bessarabia. With the meeting, last February, of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, Litvinov let it be known that Russia, while declining to recognize Rumania's right to Bessarabia, was willing to agree that the Rumanian non-aggression treaty should apply specifically to the Bessarabian frontier. Russia pledged itself, in other words, never to try to take Bessarabia by force. Litvinov besought France to use its influence to compel Rumania to agree. The French reported Rumania obdurate. Various neutral diplomaticos have attached great significance to this. They do not believe Rumania's obduracy genuine, and they have decided that "France and her allies want a free hand for eventualities," meaning, of course, that in case of a Russian-Japanese war, France and its allies are resolved to attack the Ukraine.

During the past winter, Rumania has writhed under the iron rule of Charles Rist of the Banque de France, and has been sending forth loud appeals to Rome and Berlin to be rescued from French financial rectitude. Rumania's refusal to sign a non-aggression treaty may be proof of the existence of the "united capitalist front," or it may merely be part of some minor political maneuver. At present, all talk of an anti-Russian alliance seems premature. As long as relations between France and Germany remain in their present unresolved state, it is hard to see how a "united capitalist front" can have any reality. However, it is inescapably true that important reactionary elements in Europe are egging Japan on, and hoping

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in Siberia, the pressure upon every European government to intervene would be very great.

There is one thing America can do, and should do at once, and that is to recognize Russia. Whether there is to be a war depends primarily upon obscure and shifting forces within Japan itself. But American recognition of Russia will help stop European incitement of Japan, and if war comes, it will help make possible an early negotiated peace. Mr. Hoover has long professed his devotion to world peace; recognition of Russia will demonstrate his sincerity. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

THE BROKEN TOWER

The bell-rope that gathers God at dawn
Dispatches me as though I dropped down the knell
Of a spent day—to wander the cathedral lawn
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from hell.

Have you not heard, have you not seen that corps
Of shadows in the town, whose shoulders sway
Antiphonal carillons launched before
The stars are caught and hived in the sun's ray?

The bells, I say, the bells break down their tower;
And swing I know not where. Their tongues engrave
Membrane through marrow, my long-scattered score
Of broken intervals. . . . And I, their sexton slave!

Oval encyclicals in canyons heaping
The impasse high with choir. Banked voices slain!
Pagodas, campaniles with reveilles outleaping—
O terraced echoes prostrate on the plain! . . .

And so it was I entered the broken world
To trace the visionary company of love, its voice
An instant in the wind (I know not whither hurled)
But not for long to hold each desperate choice.

My word I poured. But was it cognate, scored
Of that tribunal monarch of the air
Whose thigh embronzes earth, strikes crystal Word
In wounds pledged once to hope—cleft to despair?

The steep encroachments of my blood left me
No answer (could blood hold such a lofty tower
As flings the question true?)—or is it she
Whose sweet mortality stirs latent power?—

And through whose pulse I hear, counting the strokes
My veins recall and add, revived and sure
The angelus of wars my chest evokes:
What I hold healed, original now, and pure . . .

And builds, within, a tower that is not stone
(Not stone can jacket heaven)—but slip
Of pebbles—visible wings of silence sown
In azure circles, widening as they dip

The matrix of the heart, lift down the eye
That shrines the quiet lake and swells a tower . . .
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky
Unseals her earth, and lifts love in its shower.

HART CRANE.

TO HART CRANE

As you drank deep, as Thor, did you think of milk or wine?
Did you drink blood, while you drank the salt deep?
or see through the film of light, that sharpened your rage
with its stare,
a shark, dolphin, turtle? Did you not see the Cat
who, when Thor lifted her, unbased the cubic ground?
You would drain fathomless flagons to be slaked with
vacuum.
The sea's teats have suckled you, and you are sunk far
in bubble-dreams, under swaying translucent vines
of thundering interior wonder. Eagles can never now
carry parts of your body, over cupped mountains
as emblems of their anger, embers to fire self-hate
to other wonders; unfolding white, flaming vistas.

Fishes now look upon you, with eyes which do not gossip.
Fishes are never shocked. Fishes will kiss you, each
fish tweak you; every kiss take bits of you away,
till your bones alone will roll, with the Gulf Stream's
swell.
So has it been already, so have the carpers and puffers
nibbled your carcass of fame, each to his liking. Now
in tides of noon, the bones of your thought-suspended
structures
magnetic headaches. The will seeped from your blood. Seeds
of meaning popped from the pods of thought. And you
fall. And the unseen
churn of Time changes the pearl hued ocean;
like a pearl shaped drop, in a huge water-clock
falling; from *came* to *go,* from *come* to *went.* And you fell.

Waters received you. Waters of our Birth in Death dissolve you.
Now you have willed it, may the Great Wash take you.
While your Mother-Lover cleanses your woe away, and
grief,
she bears you far away; and you are stilled in sleep
and snore no more. Your rage is gone on a bright flood
away; as, when a bad friend held out his hand;
you said, "Do not talk any more. I know you meant
no harm."
What was the soil whence your anger sprang, who are
deaf
as the stones to the whispering flight of the Mississippi's
rivers?
What did you see as you fell? What did you hear as
you sank?
Did it make you drunken with hearing?

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Post-war Shaw and Pre-war Bennett

THE PEOPLE who write about Shaw nowadays seem to have forgotten that he is a Socialist and that his work is based today, as it was when he wrote "Widowers' Houses," on a political-economic position.

This position is, of course, Fabianism, a kind of Marxism which held that the transition from capitalism to socialism could be accomplished by parliamentary methods, but which did not attempt to form a political party. The Fabians started from "Das Kapital," but they would not accept Marx's doctrine that modern democratic institutions were administered by the bourgeois for the bourgeois and hence a snare and a delusion as instruments of revolutionary change, and they proved to their own satisfaction that the class war would never take place. Shaw exhibited at the beginning of his political career a certain amount of revolutionary fervor, but this was during the period of general ferment which followed the depression of the eighties: his agitation subsided with the times and he became safe and respectable and prudent. When the War came along, he supported it, as so many other parliamentary socialists did. But though Shaw was divided in mind, he was honest as many of them were not.

Since the War, the Fabian has had to contemplate the liberal defeat at Versailles, the Communist revolution in Russia and the selling-out of Fabianism itself in the career of Ramsay MacDonald. And what are the feelings of a Fabian confronted by these unwelcome facts, Shaw has told us in his later works with an eloquence of disillusion as fine as his early eloquence of revolt. Unlike a Chesterton or a Kipling, he still follows what is happening in the world and he tries to readjust himself to it. And though he belongs to the same generation as they, what he has to say is still significant and alive when a Kipling is merely a more shriveled, a Chesterton merely a more gaseous, repetition of what they were before. The critical lack of interest in Shaw's most recent plays is due, it seems to me, not to the deficiencies of the plays but to the general intellectual deadness of the last four or five years. You found George Jean Nathan, for example—who is now sighing for the *beaux jours* of Schnitzler and speaking of "The Affairs of Anatol" as one of the imperishable pieces of the world—discussing "The Apple Cart" entirely on the basis of its gags, which were perfunctory and unobtrusive, and not even taking the trouble to tell his readers what the serious comedy was about.

It is true that Bernard Shaw's farce is no longer so funny as it was, but then this is largely beside be farcical. He has, however, gone on thinking and feeling, and he has expressed himself with candor. For a long time, after the first sensation of the Russian Revolution, which half pulled his comments on the War out of the orbit of nationalist loyalty and caused him to write the little music-hall skit called "Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress," he gave the Soviets rather a wide berth. In "Back to Methuselah" he depicts a future in which western civilization has already once been wrecked and has grown up again as bad as ever, but in which its hopes of salvation are based not upon socialism but upon a new race of long-lived human beings. In "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism," Bernard Shaw the Fabian makes a last plea to the English middle class to set their house in order: he soft-pedals the achievement of the Bolsheviks by pointing out that, since the Revolution, Lenin has had to compromise with capitalism.

In "The Apple Cart," he gives a disdainful picture of a Labor government corrupted by capitalism —though he lets the parliamentary socialist out by blaming the situation on something which he calls for the nonce, not capitalism, but, as Mencken would do, "democracy." Against the government dominated by Breakages, Limited, he pits only an enlightened King. This is where parliamentary Marxism has landed him—in an apotheosis of the constitutional monarch.

But if "The Apple Cart" shows the Fabian brought to a sorry pass, in "Too True to Be Good" he throws up his hands in despair, makes a clean breast of everything and confesses acute discomfiture. "Too True to Be Good" is thus, though by no means one of Shaw's best plays, evidently a crucial work and very interesting if you are interested in Shaw. At the beginning of the first act, the English upper bourgeoisie in the person of a rich young lady is languishing with a hypochondriacal illness in a gloomy Victorian chamber, fussed over by a Victorian mother. Into this sickroom break two rebels: a young preacher and a former chambermaid who is an illegitimate child of the aristocracy. The chambermaid has been masquerading as the heiress's trained nurse, and she and the preacher have a plot to steal the heiress's pearl necklace. The girl comes to from her megrims like a shot and puts up an unexpected struggle. The preacher—who is Shaw himself—becomes interested in his victim and says that he has always wondered why she does not steal the necklace herself. Why doesn't she take it and sell it and go and do what she pleases instead of staying home with her mother moping and fancying herself

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sell the necklace for her, taking 25 percent apiece and giving her the other 50? The girl enthusiastically agrees, and while she is getting dressed to go with them, the preacher jumps up on the bed and delivers one of those live-your-own-life sermons which Shaw made his first success by handing out in the nineties. Then he is off—in the excitement of his own rhetoric completely forgetting the necklace, which the heiress herself has to remind him they need.

All three sail away together to an imaginary Balkan country reminiscent of "Arms and the Man" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," where they are able to do whatever they please but where their revolt turns out to lead to nothing and eventually to bore them to death. "Too True to Be Good" was written, I take it, to be performed with a cycle of Shaw plays at the Malvern festival this summer, and Shaw has evidently put into it a recapitulation of his old themes, the shams of bourgeois society: the capitalistic doctor of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is as much a fraud as ever; the pompous British military officer, though retaining an instinctive pomposity, has practically ceased even to pretend to be anything other than a fraud and is quite willing to leave the command to a private (drawn from Colonel Lawrence) if he can only be left in peace with his water-colors; the old-fashioned materialist-atheist who is also the most rigorous of moralists of the type of Roebuck Ramsden in "Man and Superman" has lived to see a world where even the metabiological gospel directed against him in "Back to Methuselah" by a John Tanner grown old and sober is unable to save his son (the preacher) from turning into a thief—etc., etc. And in this liberated and disintegrated bourgeois world of after the War the three rebels don't know what to do with themselves. Finally everyone except the preacher buys passage for Boetia, the "Union of Sensible Republics."

The preacher is left alone on the shore, abandoned between two worlds. He had come too late for the old and too early for the new. He had had the courage once to steal a necklace but he hadn't carried through his idea: he had given it back to the owner and they had made common cause together: the liberated bourgeois had gotten 50 percent and the radicals only 25 percent apiece. In this last scene, the best thing in the play—a good deal of which is tiresome theatrically—Shaw produces, as Benchley says, a real effect of panic. The darkness comes; the clouds gather; the morale of the preacher breaks down. He can only go on explaining and exhorting whether he has anything to say or not. A keen wind is blowing in and it may be the breath of life, but it is too fierce for him to bear.

The real preacher, however, when he had written his play, took a passage like his younger characters for the Union of Sensible Republics. After writing Russia. This trip, evidently calculated to coincide with the fall of the Labor government, was certainly a deliberate political act: Shaw, the Fabian Socialist, took with him a Liberal and a Tory. The Bible-reading soldier in "Too True to Be Good" had evidently been intended to represent the stuff of which revolutionists are made; Shaw horrified his clientele when he got back by roundly applauding the Soviets and by telling the young Labor men in England that they ought to go and do likewise. Immediately there was raised against him the outcry of cheap publicity-seeking which his early Marxism and Ibsenism had roused—though, assuming that he meant what he said at the beginning of his public career, it is hard to see how his admirers could expect him to do anything different.

The first thing Shaw asked to do in Moscow, according to an article in The American Mercury, was to visit the tomb of Lenin. There he commented to Lady Astor on the fineness of Lenin's hands. "Yes," said Lady Astor, "they are the hands of an aristocrat." "No," said Shaw, "of an intellectual."

There is an interesting anecdote in this connection in Arnold Bennett's journal:[1]

> Apropos of the marriage of G. B. Shaw and Miss Payne-Townshend [writes Bennett in 1898], Nolan told me that every few years some prominent member of the Fabian Society contrived to marry an heiress whose wealth and energies were subsequently devoted wholly to the cause. Thus Sidney Webb married Beatrice Potter; B. F. Costelloe married Miss Pearsall Smith; and J. R[amsay]. MacDonald married Miss M. E. Gladstone. Nolan assured me as a fact that G. B. Shaw some months ago discussed with certain members of the Fabian Society as to whose "duty" it was to marry the heiress.

Another of Bennett's stories throws an interesting light on Kipling's conception of his role as a pillar of the Empire:

> I was responding to Pauline Smith's curiosity about the personalities of authors when Mrs. Smith began to talk about Kipling. She said he was greatly disliked in South Africa. Regarded as conceited and unapproachable. The officers of the Union Castle ships dreaded him, and prayed not to find themselves on the same ship as him. It seems that on one ship he had got all the information possible out of the officers, and had then, at the end of the voyage, reported them at headquarters for flirting with passengers—all except the chief engineer, an old Scotchman with whom he had been friendly. With this exception they were all called up to headquarters and reprimanded, and now they would have nothing to do with passengers.

Bennett's journal (of which there are two more volumes to come) is not particularly worth reading—though Bennett himself is a likable man, good-natured, alert, honest, and serious and sensitive without airs. He was the son of a Staffordshire

[1] The Journal of Arnold Bennett: 1896-1910. New York: The

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family who had risen in the pottery town of Burslem to a moderate standard of middle-class comfort. They had yet another rung to go and Arnold was destined to climb it. He loved luxury and finally attained it and he became a cultivated and cosmopolitan person. He was at the same time, though not a great, a genuinely distinguished writer. The best of his novels make a unique social history of a whole stratum of English life for which he spoke with a combination of sympathetic imagination and critical self-understanding.

You can see Bennett's point of view very clearly in this journal. There is the successful member of the commercial and manufacturing class, delighting in his and its achievements, reckoning up at the end of each year the number of words he has written and the amount of money he has made; and there is the artist who is fighting against public indifference to bring into English fiction the realism and form of the French. The conflict between the two produces some amusing entries. "My total of words," he writes at the beginning of 1906, "was slightly over 200,000, much less than usual, but then I took two months' clear holiday in the summer. On the whole not a satisfactory year. Genuine success seemed, as usual, to delay and postpone itself. But I find that I am much less interested in money than Phillpotts and Wells." And the effect on him of reading Taine's letters, on the eve of writing "The Old Wives' Tale," is as follows:

> The portrait of the man gradually grew clear to me, and inspired me with ideals similar to his own: the doing simply of the work which one believes to be best, and the neglect of all gross and vain considerations. Why should I worry after fame and money, knowing as I do that these will not increase my happiness?
>
> As I could not write I had leisure to think about myself. I saw that even now my life was not fully planned out; that I was not giving even an hour a day to scientific reading, to genuine systematic education; and that the central inspiration of my novel was not fine enough.

The blood of the hard-headed English middle class runs in Bennett's veins. Here are Bennett and his father at one of Yvette Guilbert's concerts: "Tonight I heard Yvette Guilbert sing five songs. . . . The performance took about 23 minutes, and she receives £70 per night (10 nights). My father, who had seen her on the previous evening, said to me at dinner at Gatti's, 'I can't see £70 in what she does.' 'No,' I said, 'perhaps you can't; but you can see it in the audience which pays to listen to her.' "

He takes an instinctive interest, feels an instinctive pride, in the processes and monuments of industry.

> It thrills and reverberates [he writes, on coming back to Burslem], with the romance of machinery and manufacture, the romance of our fight against forces. And surrounding the town on every side are the long straight smoke and steam wreaths, the dull red flames, and all the visible evidences of the immense secular struggle for existence, the continual striving towards a higher standard of comfort. This romance, this feeling which permeates the district, is quite as wonderfully inspiring as any historic memory could be.

But he understands what this implies. "I wonder how a description of this shop," he writes of a French department store, "would sound fifty years hence?" He describes it and concludes:

> In all, the conditions of labor are disgusting to the social conscience, though probably better than in *ateliers*. There is a feeling of cutting down expenditure, especially wages, in order to sell cheaply, while making a good profit. A feeling that everybody concerned is secretly at the beginning of a revolt, and that the organizers of the whole organism are keeping out of the way. Yes, there is certainly this feeling! I am always uneasy when in such shops, as if I too were guilty of what is wrong in them. Of course nearly all the shops are on the same basis of sweating, but in some it is masked in magnificence, so that one has to search for it.

And again of the Galéries Lafayette:

> I was more than ever convinced of the unhappiness of the vast majority of the inhabitants of a large town —owing to overwork, too long work, and too little pay and leisure. I had more than ever the impression of a vast mass of stupidity and incompetence being exploited by a very small mass of cleverness, unjustly exploited. The glimpses of the advanced and mad luxury floating on that uneasy sea of dissatisfied labor grew more and more significant to me. I could have become obsessed by the essential wrongness of everything, but I had determined not to be so. These phenomena must be regarded in a scientific spirit, they must be regarded comparatively, or a complete dislocation of the mind might ensue.

He calls himself a socialist, becomes very much excited and blows his feelings off in an article at the General Election in 1910. "Grand rolling weather. Foamy sea, boisterous wind, sun, pageant of clouds, and Brighton full of wealthy imperative persons dashing about in furs and cars. I walked with joy to and fro on this unequaled promenade. And yet, at this election time, when all wealth and all snobbery is leagued against the poor, I could spit in the face of arrogant and unmerciful Brighton, sporting its damned Tory colors."

Yet Bennett was inescapably to continue all his life spending a good part of his time walking the Brighton promenade. The hero of his last book, though he doubted whether he was sociologically justifiable, was the proprietor of a big luxury hotel. Arnold Bennett, with far more intelligence and human insight than Kipling, was to remain more or less the glorifier of the commercial and organizational side of capitalism as Kipling was of its imperialism, and he died in the second year of the

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The Socialists Meet

FROM May 21 to 24, the Socialist party of America held its convention in the city auditorium of the Socialist city of Milwaukee—the largest and most impressive convention of the party since the War. It nominated for the second time as its standard bearers Norman Thomas, brilliant orator and publicist, and James H. Maurer, the popular former president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor.

It adopted, with few dissenting votes, a platform dealing with unemployment, labor legislation, social ownership of basic industries, banking, taxation, agriculture, civil liberties, political democracy and international relations. It was unanimous in its belief that the worldwide economic breakdown had thoroughly vindicated the Socialist analysis of economic development and that only Socialism—not the "new capitalism," as many contended in the last presidential campaign—could be depended on to bring security and plenty to the masses.

While substantial agreement existed on the candidates and platform—with the exception of the prohibition and League of Nations planks—the convention was one of the most controversial in the history of the party. During the last few years a young, active group had entered the party. This group felt that the "old guard" was not taking full advantage of the opportunities afforded by the economic crisis to carry the Socialist message to the masses and to crystallize Socialist sentiment into Socialist party membership and activity. They believed that the party should help more vigorously in trade-union organization and, in its relation to Russia, that it should not content itself with a mere demand for recognition. They likewise craved a more prominent part in the party's councils.

At the convention this younger group, organized as the "militants," were on hand ready to press their point of view on every occasion. They introduced a resolution which maintained that the success or failure of the Russian economic experiment would mean much to American Socialism.

"The Socialist party," to quote from a resolution on Russia, "while not endorsing all policies of the Soviet government, and while emphatically urging the release of political prisoners and the restoration of civil liberties, endorses the efforts being made in Russia to create the economic foundations of a Socialist society and calls on the workers to guard against capitalist attacks on Soviet Russia." However, the resolution continued, revolutionary movements must adapt their tactics to the peculiar political and economic conditions of different lands. The militant statement was finally taken as a basis for discussion, and, when the smoke of battle cleared away, it was found to have been adopted by a vote of two to one.

In the Russian resolution, the strong Wisconsin delegation joined forces with the "militants." This vote

the Executive Committee. Here an attempt was made to substitute Dan Hoan, mayor of Milwaukee, for Morris Hillquit, a founder and for years the acknowledged leader of the party.

Hoan was put in nomination by the Wisconsin delegation. He was supported by the "militants" as the one man who could displace Hillquit, whose leadership in past years, the younger group contended, lacked the aggressiveness needed in the present crisis. The Milwaukee mayor was backed by Wisconsin as its "native son"; by a number of Mid-Westerners, who had long objected to "domination" by the East; by many who felt that Hoan's practical political experience and his growing reputation as one of America's ablest mayors made him the logical candidate for this office at this time.

These arguments, maintained Hillquit's supporters, presented no adequate reason for ousting the veteran Socialist attorney. Hillquit, they affirmed, had sacrificed years of his life in the advancement of the cause of Socialism. He was the party's chief theoretician and its most experienced member. The position of leadership on the Executive Committee belonged to him by right. The opposition, they maintained, consisted of an "unholy alliance" of "untamed militants," super-practical Milwaukee Socialists and middle-class opportunists who objected to the New York leader because he was a "common garden variety of international Marxian Socialist."

Finally, it was argued, Hillquit was attacked because he was a Jew. This charge was hotly repudiated. It had little substance. Its injection into the discussion, however, probably aided in the victory of Hillquit over Hoan by a rather close vote of about 7,500 to 7,000.

Though losing their fight for Dan Hoan, the Wisconsin and "militant" delegates joined hands again in the election of ten members of the National Executive Committee. The identical slate of seven, made up independently by these two groups, won by considerable majorities. The winners included Hoan and Norman Thomas, the latter a member of the Executive Committee for the first time. The new Executive Committee cannot be said officially to represent one group. About half of its members were supported by the "old guard." In general it is committed to aggressive action on the political and economic field and, under its leadership, the party gives much promise of future growth.

The final major dispute before the convention revolved around the party's attitude toward the trade-union movement. The younger element in the convention insisted that the party had been remiss in its duty. It had not stimulated the organization of labor unions as vigorously as the situation demanded. It should appoint labor organizers to press for such a development. In this proposal the "old guard" trade unionists saw too much "dynamite." If it carried, they contended, the Socialist party would soon be found organizing dual unions

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party. The militants' resolution was defeated and that of the New York majority substituted providing for friendly coöperation between the party and trade unions and an insistence on independent political action.

In general the convention showed a shift toward the left. The left, however, was in no way synonymous with the Communist right, as the overwhelming defeat of a motion that the word "confiscation" be substituted for "transfer" of industries from private to public ownership demonstrated.

The convention marked the rise of the younger element in the party to distinct influence in its councils.

The final session of the convention, passionately addressed by Hillquit, Maurer, Hoan and Thomas, in behalf of unity, indicated likewise that Socialists can be good losers as well as winners, and that the party, despite all disagreements, is planning to enter its most promising presidential campaign with a united and an enthusiastic front.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Every Good Citizen

WHEN Mr. Motters started home late that afternoon he was still very much excited over what he had heard. He could hardly wait to tell his wife. As he rounded the last turn in the path and saw her sitting at the mouth of the cave, he began to wave his arms violently.

The Motterses were living this year in a small cave in the cliff-side. They had moved down there directly after their farm was sold for back taxes. The cave was really quite comfortable. Mr. Motters had closed the mouth of it with a woven-brush screen, and had fixed up various little comforts inside. He was very handy about such things. The cave was rather small, to be sure; but they both said it was a relief not to have a big place to take care of. It was quite snug and dry, except when the rains were particularly heavy.

When Mrs. Motters saw her husband waving his arms, she became excited too. She dropped the piece of gunny sacking she'd been sewing on (she just had to have a new dress). She ran down the path to meet him, feeling very happy. She was sure that he must have had a successful afternoon.

Mr. Motters went out frequently to poke about in the abandoned fields down across the creek. Frequently he would find a turnip or a mangel that had been overlooked in the last harvest; sometimes when he was very lucky he would find a potato or two. And then what a feast they'd have that night!

With such a waving of arms as he was going through now, she was sure that today it must have been something better even than potatoes. Perhaps he'd managed to club a woodchuck!

When they met down the path he kissed her, and then in answer to her questions he said, "No, darling, only a turnip today. But something wonderful has happened. I've had a message from the President."

Mrs. Motters could hardly believe him at first. Finally, though, he convinced her. He told her just how it happened. While he was in the field looking for turnips a stranger came along. The stranger stopped to talk a while. He asked Mr. Motters if he was a good citizen. Mr. Motters replied that of course he was.

"Well, then," said the stranger, "I've got a message for you from the President. The President says that every good citizen should think seriously about buying a new car, as a means of restoring prosperity."

Although Mr. Motters had found only one turnip, he hurried off home at once, because he felt that receiving a message from the President was so important that he must talk it over immediately with his wife.

"I don't see how you can disregard a message from the President," said Susan, when they were back in the cave, resting comfortably on a low pile of leaves.

"Of course we can't disregard it," said Mr. Motters, pleasing her very much by including her in the "we." "Though it's difficult to see how we can do it. We haven't much of anything left that we could get a car with." He hesitated a moment and then he said very slowly, "I'd be willing in an emergency like this to part with my gavel."

The gavel hung on the wall of the cave. Mr. Motters was very proud of it. Several years before, it had been given him as a token of esteem when he retired from the presidency of the Wilgo County Elect-Republicans-and-Continue-Prosperity League. The sheriff had very kindly let him keep it when all the rest of their things were auctioned off to pay the note at the bank.

"I'd be willing to give up my gavel," he repeated, "but I'm afraid even that would hardly be enough."

With Mr. Motters offering such a splendid example of self-sacrifice, Mrs. Motters felt that she couldn't be less noble. "I'd be willing to give up Emily," she said.

Emily was Mrs. Motters' goat. Mrs. Motters was very fond of Emily, and not just because of the milk that Emily gave. She had raised Emily from a kid; Emily was companionable; she kept Mrs. Motters from being lonely while Mr. Motters was out trying to find something for them to eat. So Mrs. Motters was really giving up a good deal when she was willing to give up Emily.

Mr. Motters understood. He kissed Mrs. Motters and said, "I knew you'd do the right thing, Susan. I knew you wouldn't let us fail the

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Early the next morning Mr. Motters started off for town with the gavel and Emily. He was gone several days. Mrs. Motters grew worried. She imagined that all sorts of dreadful things had happened to him. Then, too, she was not so clever as he about finding things to eat, so she became quite hungry.

At last, however, he returned. He still carried the gavel and he still led Emily. He looked very disconsolate.

"Susan, I've failed," he said miserably.

Mrs. Motters was too good a wife to reproach him. She urged him to come inside the cave and lie down comfortably on the leaves. Then she milked Emily. She couldn't help being glad at having Emily back. Then while they sat drinking goat's milk, Mr. Motters told her about his unsuccessful trip.

He had had to go a good deal further than he had expected. The towns fairly close to them didn't have people in them any more. "I suppose they all moved away when there wasn't anything to eat any more," said Mr. Motters. But at last he found a town with people in it. The men in the automobile agency were very nice to him, Mr. Motters said. They admired his gavel and said that Emily was a splendid goat. They understood perfectly his feeling about not wanting to fail the President. But the fact was that in fairness to themselves they just couldn't give him a new car for the gavel and Emily.

"I tell you, I felt pretty bad," said Mr. Motters. "I went out to the edge of town and thought about it and thought about it, and finally I just got desperate. I hate to confess it, Susan, but that night I did something pretty dreadful. But remember, I thought it was either that or fail the President. Susan, I robbed a bank.

"It was much easier than I'd expected. The doors were open and the vault was unlocked. 'It must be a pretty honest town,' I thought to myself. I pulled a big bundle of papers out of the vault—there wasn't any gold or silver anywhere around. Then I hurried away before anybody should see me.

"Next morning, though, I found out that I'd turned criminal all for nothing. What I'd got was frozen assets, and they weren't even worth locking up any more. The bank didn't have anything else.

"So I just had to come along back home. I feel pretty miserable, Susan, letting the President down this way. But I did everything I could, and if I ever get a chance to explain to him I'm sure he'll understand."

"I'm sure he will," said Mrs. Motters.

"And Susan," continued Mr. Motters, "I brought that bundle of frozen assets along back with me. They're no good to anybody else. And if a hot spell should come on, maybe we could use them to keep Emily's milk sweet. I don't believe the

Washington Notes

Keynoters without a Keynote—Mr. Barkley's Vote—High-Tariff Democrats—Roosevelt, Curtis and Prohibition

SO CLOSE now are the two national conventions that it is almost possible to hear the synthetic applause that follows the noble keynoters as they trumpet the splendid qualities of their respective parties to the world. As a matter of fact, the keynote business in both conventions this time promises to be a more than usually sad and sorry performance. I do not envy the keynoters. Why, under existing circumstances, anyone should really aspire to sound the keynote for either the Democratic or Republican assembly is entirely beyond the grasp of my simple and childlike mind. Yet the fact remains that plenty of them do aspire, and will be both pained and wounded if their aspirations are smothered.

This is particularly true on the Democratic side, and I do not know at the moment of a more miserable man in public life than the Honorable Alben William Barkley, Senator from Kentucky, already designated, through the Roosevelt control of the subcommittee which met in Chicago a month ago, as temporary convention chairman. At the time the selection was made, Senator Barkley was a very happy man indeed. His choice by the Roosevelt forces gave him a degree of national prominence which he has not hitherto attained. It gave him an opportunity to make a notable speech, and it certainly put him well up in front for the vice-presidential nomination in the event of a Roosevelt victory in the convention.

Of course, the bulk of his troubles flow directly from his support in the Senate Finance Committee and on the Senate floor of the coal tariff, the oil, copper and lumber tariffs, which, over the shocked protest of Cordell Hull and others, were jammed into the pending tax bill, where they had no place at all. Immediately the point was loudly and insistently and forcefully made that Mr. Barkley had disqualified himself as a Democratic keynoter. The mere idea of putting up a high-tariff Democrat to speak for the party which had spent three years denouncing the Hawley-Smoot law as a vicious and iniquitous monstrosity was too ridiculous to contemplate. Senator Barkley, it was urged, should retire. He should realize that it would leave his party completely exposed to ridicule and scorn should it put up as temporary chairman a Democrat who voted for these high-tariff rates. And what would he keynote about anyhow? He couldn't so much as mention the Hawley-Smoot law, and if they are to lose that as a party issue, what else is left?

It may be that before the convention meets Senator Barkley will see the force of these arguments and solve a decidedly embarrassing situation by gracefully removing himself. He may do that—and some Democratic leaders favorable to Mr. Roosevelt rather hope he will—but the chances are not good. Judging by his present attitude, Senator Barkley has no idea of retiring, and has every intention of insisting upon his rights. He takes the view, I am told, that the opposition to him is inspired by the anti-

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is mostly "newspaper talk" anyhow. He is a rather determined fellow with a strong, jutting jaw, and there may be a real fight before he is removed—if he is. The fight will be in the National Committee, which must ratify the acts of the subcommittee. If the Kentucky Senator does not weaken, there will be a very pretty row indeed, the ramifications and percussions of which will be felt through the convention from start to finish.

The really interesting thing about this whole tariff-item incident in the Senate is not whether Barkley sounds the keynote as scheduled or whether someone else takes his place. The really interesting thing is that it seems to foreshadow a fight in the resolutions committee, if not in the convention itself, over a tariff plank about which, two weeks ago, no one thought there would be any friction at all. At present it is quite clear that there will be a tariff struggle in Chicago among the Democrats somewhat along the lines of the recent rather humiliating and messy row in the Senate, during the course of which Democratic Senators figuratively stuck out their tongues at each other.

The reason why the tariff issue will be a tough one in Chicago is, I think, because of the strong feeling on this subject among what seems to be a majority of the Democratic Senators, chief of whom is Senator Hull of Tennessee, whose consistent low-tariff soul was hotly seared by the iniquitous jamming of these tariff rates into—of all places—a tax bill. These Democrats contend—and I think with a great deal of force—that unless something is done, the chief issue upon which the party has relied during the last two years, the issue upon which it won control of the House in 1930 and the issue around which its 1932 platform should be built—to wit, the wicked and vicious character of the Hawley-Smoot tariff—will have been snatched away from it. They were greatly distressed when Democratic members in the House initiated the idea of putting an oil and coal tariff in the tax bill. They were even more deeply pained when Democrats on the Senate Finance Committee first took the rates out of the bill and then, in the most obvious sort of trading, put them back. But these griefs were as nothing compared to the shock of having seventeen Democrats, more than one-third the total party in the Senate, vote on the Senate roll call in favor of oil, coal, copper and lumber, with other Democrats, like Trammell of Florida, clamoring for more, and a Democrat from Louisiana—the blatant and bombastic Mr. Long—leading the tariff fight.

The argument is that to preserve the party's self-respect and keep it from becoming a laughing stock whenever a Democrat mentions the tariff, it is essential that the platform should not only reiterate the party's position, but specifically repudiate the votes of the high-tariff Democrats in both House and Senate, as being unworthy, wrong and un-Democratic. Unless this is done, my Democratic friends almost tearfully tell me, the party will not only be in a defenseless position, but will have lost its main issue.

I agree, of course, about that, but I don't think it will be easy to adopt a plank at Chicago without reading those seventeen Democratic Senators who voted pro-tariff out of the party. For one thing, there are too many of them; for another, they are much too truculent; and for another, really taking the liability away. I think the battle is likely to be confined to the resolutions committee and may not get on the floor at all. Also, while it does seem to me that Senator Barkley must give way in some direction, the denunciatory-plank proposal has no earmarks of success. It is logical, meritorious and consistent, but it won't be done. It would put the Democratic party again—formally, and to some extent at least—back of the traditional Democratic principle—but there is not enough devotion to principle left in the party to make its majority buck a pugnacious, unrepentant and unconvinced minority. They would rather take the risk of having the whole party seem ridiculous than to incur the wounds of an inter-party fight. Hence, my belief that while there will be a fight on the tariff issue in the convention, it will not be to the finish, and there will be no party ejections. The outraged low-tariff Senators will probably be satisfied with the sacrifice of Senator Barkley. But Senator Barkley won't be satisfied.

Except for this tariff row in the Democratic party, which has hung the tax bill up on a rock and prevented any progress at all in the Senate for a week, the political developments have been few and not of great importance. In a statement signed by eleven well known citizens, Congress was criticized for its delay in balancing the budget, urged to drop partisanship and act. The response to this was a completely nonpartisan denial by both Democratic and Republican Senate leaders that they had been guilty of so much as a trace of partisanship. In Atlanta, Governor Roosevelt made another speech along the lines of his "forgotten man" utterance of a month ago, which seems to have intensified the feeling against him in the East, without adding any to his strength in the West. The truth is that it was a somewhat vague and cloudy pronouncement, far removed from any concrete problem of the day.

As the dates for the conventions approach, it is clear that the Republican administration leaders not only believe in, but hope for, Roosevelt's nomination. The feeling among them is that Roosevelt would be weaker in New York and New Jersey than any other available Democrat. It being generally accepted that it is almost impossible to win the election without New York and New Jersey, the desire on the part of the White House to see Roosevelt nominated is not difficult to understand.

The talk here of a fight against the renomination of Curtis as Hoover's running mate seems to have died down. Nearly everybody close to the "Chief" would like to see someone else substituted, for they realize the political liabilities of his age and his total inability to aid the ticket. Nevertheless, it seems accepted now as inevitable. A discordant note, it is said, will be sounded by the Pacific Coast crowd, but it will be without effect.

At the moment, such thoughts as Mr. Hoover can spare from economic measures are being centered upon the prohibition plank. It has been put up to him in such a way that he cannot remain neutral. He has got to make the decision—and he does not enjoy it. Some tepid form of resubmission, I am informed, is as far as he is willing to go. It is the sort of thing that will not satisfy anyone—but then neither will the Democratic plank

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Not on the Ticker Tape

FROM a routine Wall Street point of view, the investigation of the Stock Exchange by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency came at an unfortunate time, for it disorganized buying power at a time when the Street was already starving from an acute shortage in the crop of suckers.

The established merchandising channels in the financial district presuppose a continuing supply of gullible souls. Before the politicians became burdensome, security buying power had already been crippled. The vicious spiral of liquidation, accelerated by defects in the system of marginal speculation, had already exhausted the equities of most of the vast group who normally seek financial independence through that hazardous and circuitous route. An 85-percent decline in first-quarter earnings of typical industrial corporations scared off from the market place even the élite who had salvaged a remnant of their capital.

Then, with confidence already shattered almost to the vanishing point, the Senate Committee tended to complete the process by showing conclusively that pool manipulators are not philanthropists, and that certain movie magnates and others were more interested in feathering their own nests than in serving unselfishly the stockholders who make up their constituency.

In the circumstances, few had the stomach to enter the great whirlpool of speculation and buy stocks. Accordingly, prices continued to drift downward, reflecting further necessary liquidation and discouraged selling. At this writing, it appears that the stock offered was being taken on the way down by "good" buyers—substantial financiers who let equities fall into their laps on the theory that, whatever the future may hold forth, they were buying claims on future prosperity for a pittance.

As for the investigation, it has, of course, served to keep the Street on edge. No one knows who will be next to get the searchlight turned on him, and no broker or investment banker enjoys the experience of appearing before the public *sans* pajamas. Thus far, the investigation has been unscientific to the extent that it has focused attention on seeming individual scandals rather than making it clear that such exploits inevitably grew out of the existing system, to which Congress might well turn its critical attention. More solid progress would be made through something like a British parliamentary commission, guided by experts.

Wall Street might well be called the Street of delusions. Conditions in this rambling world are never as unblemished as Wall Street assumes toward the peak of a bull movement, nor as hopeless as the same Street envisages toward the tail end of a bear procession. In its present uncritical and unreasoning blueness, Wall Street deserves psychoanalysis rather than economic reporting. The stock market has been reflecting fears, disgust and astigmatism rather than discounting what may or may not lie ahead. As a matter of fact, in recent years the stock market has flunked badly as a forecaster. For example, in the summer the basic business indicators had begun to turn downward.

Likewise, the unusually sharp rallies in the winters of 1930 and 1931 gave false indications of approaching recovery. Instead of revealing clairvoyance, the stock ticker, which has long been considered an American pillar of society, has in reality disclosed the mind of a moron.

The economic utility of the emotion of fear, however, should not be minimized. Mismanagement and laissez-faire have permitted the farmers to get in such a bad way that for the first time thoughtful urban business leaders have become alarmed. As a result, several thoroughly respectable presidents of "blue chip" corporations have come to favor governmental regulation to restore farm prosperity such as was contemplated in the detested McNary-Haugen bills, which were twice vetoed by President Coolidge and which were long anathema to Wall Street. The latest non-political development has been the creation of an informal *rapprochement* among senior officers of the great life-insurance companies, who naturally have a more than sentimental interest in farmers whose mortgages they hold. The Farm Board passes along this incident. A grade A farmer, who was long considered a model, called in a representative of the insurance company which held his mortgage, and asked them to take over the farm, saying that he could not make a go of it under prevailing conditions. He pointed out that he was still holding all of last year's crops. The reply made by the insurance representative is a significant straw in the wind. He offered on behalf of the company to buy the crops on hand at twice the prevailing prices. In effect, the bonus represented a temporary sharp reduction in interest rates. The lender knew that no one else, in case of foreclosure, could operate the farm better than the present owner, and accordingly was anxious to go out of its way in order to keep him afloat.

Bankers' rule in the United States has been challenged, and the prevailing chaos reflects the fact that nothing positive has yet been substituted. Before his election, Wall Street turned thumbs down on Herbert Hoover, and I am informed that the President now returns the compliment. His close advisers assert that the Executive was long disappointed at the unwillingness of the bankers to coöperate in a reconstruction program. They negatived all proposals with a glib demand that liquidation take its course—without any knowledge as to the ultimate direction of the flow. However, they made a right-about-face immediately after England went off the gold standard. This frightened even them, and since that time they have been perfectly willing to play ball.

There is a personal, human side to the casualties of the deflation. Bankers, who hold ultimate power, have some leeway in deciding whom to save and whom to throw overboard. In letting enterprises of Samuel Insull go and saving those of the Van Sweringens, bankers have expressed a preference. Of course, the government, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has been a good angel that put the harassed railroads into a temporary favored [illegible] companies were always a financial

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conservative accounting methods. In times of prosperity, such structural weaknesses may be covered up by rising prices and by astute press agents. But in times of great liquidation, even a counsellor of public relations can't fool the sheriff. L. M. N.

Miss Cowl

A Thousand Summers, by Merrill Rogers. Selwyn Theatre, May 24, 1932.

MISS COWL'S play tells the story of a woman of thirty-six, come to the English lakes in order to think over, among various other matters, the question of leaving the married man (Mr. Osgood Perkins) with whom she is living. At the same little drab hotel, kept by a delightful actress, Miss Florence Edney, whom we have seen in "Topaze," "Waterloo Bridge" and other pieces and whose whole make-up and approach to her role now is perfect for one of those dingy-florid Englishwomen in such positions, at the same little drab hotel are staying three members of a Middle Western family. The wife and husband are very likable and, amid the English scene, with its literary tradition and antiquity, are tipped off with the amount of comics proper to their native bounce, goodness and actuality. Along with them is the wife's nephew, whom they are shortly to leave in Paris to study art. It is he that makes the story by falling in love with Mrs. Pennington.

Mrs. Pennington had lost her young husband vainly, for he was killed after the Armistice was signed; and from that time to this the irony of her life has been to pass from one love affair to another, all, in a sense, for the love of her young husband, never recapturing the depth of what is gone, and now confronted with this young man, twenty-one, clean-hearted, not happy, taut with the singleness and straightness of his feeling toward her. Mr. Perkins turns up from London and that life that he and she live there and in every city in Europe, company, travel, drinking, cards, movement. She will let him know whether she will return to him and whether she will marry him or not, for now Sibyl, his wife—her name would be Sibyl, of course, though the play does lack a Nigel—having fallen in love with another man is willing to give him a divorce. The problem, therefore, has deepened. A friend from the gay world, sent north for a week's rest, informs the boy's family of his new friend's way of life. The mother gets Mrs. Pennington's promise to do the boy no harm.

It is this promise carried out, among rowings on the lake, walks, readings and the usual et cetera, that brings the crisis on; and Neil (Mr. Franchot Tone) comes forward with his love, Mrs. Pennington's resolution holds, after her confession of her love for him, and in his despair the hotel maid, blown home from a party, gets him at last; she has tried before this. Bad news from America changes the family plans; for a moment it looks as if Neil would not get to Paris. A little family bequest, tucked away somewhere by the aunt, finally comes to the rescue. The three leave by the morning train. Mr. Perkins returns to fetch Mrs. Pennington; they talk; her final madness shocks her London lover, for she de- long thought famous with its comic

keeping the promise; her love for this boy is the first love she has felt since her young husband died; she knows what she will pay, remembering—and having quoted to Neil—Candida's words about unequal ages. At that Mr. Perkins, in line with the good fellows of modern tragedy in English, including the Norwegian, will motor her down to London all the same.

Such an account of the play is only a way of saying that it is hardly important, as Miss Cowl knows too, of course, though her theatre attack is too right to show it on the stage. She plays the piece for what, through her and Mr. Tone, is serious and poignant in its implications, and takes in good faith the scope of what reality might be possible to the scenes. However well Miss Cowl comes off with a scene in any play, you will never find that her intention is false. You feel now in "A Thousand Summers," written badly or well as the moment may be, she knows what the Swinburne stanza, with its classic echo in the rhythm and pathos, means, as you read it in the program, a sort of note to the play:

> Swallow, my sister, oh sister swallow,
> How can thine heart be full of the spring?
> A thousand summers are over and dead.
> What hast thou found in the spring to follow?

The actress hears the echoes of what soul the play may have, and out of this knowledge she richens the texture and helps to balance its structure with meanings the dramatist has but partially expressed if he has seen them at all. She is moved even more by what is absent from the scenes, though in some deep sense at their source, than by what is said in them; and brings to her own and inner sense of them a kind of gentle evocation.

There is a good deal of likeness between Mr. Rogers' play and Mr. Arlen's "The Green Hat." I do not mean the novel, which was far more expertly engaging and cheap. I mean the delectable play itself, with its vulgarity *aux fines herbes*—from the English garden and wistful green—with its putrid bold sauce too, its pseudo themes, like that of Iris and her ceaseless search to burn out the torment in her body with the fuel of one man after another, or that of the driving headlong into a tree, in her Isotta Fraschini—if I remember rightly, there was also somewhere quite a large emerald—thus finding death and escaping all, all, after suspecting that something in her was not right to give to a young man tempting and fair and full of that aphrodisiac of honor that in women's eyes, in British plays and fiction at least, seems present among not a few young men. "The Green Hat" accordingly was both sillier and much rottener than Miss Cowl's play, but also more chic and going; its world ripped and vogued, and if you got nowhere in it neither did you stay anywhere. It may be also that "A Thousand Summers" loses somewhat by being in the Lake country of the English poets, where nobody in the audience knows which is the left bank even. The good Wordsworth had a French illegitimate daughter, but few of the audience knew that—for that matter the event of it fell to the good fortune of France again, home of engaging sin. The Lucy poem,

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nevertheless, a good dramatic idea, what with the heroine's dream of rest and thought and the young hero's serious monotony and passion.

Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Josephine Hull played well. Mr. Franchot Tone did his part with that curiously infallible rightness of effect that is a part of his stage talent. Theatricality in the strictest and sheerest sense he has above any of our young actors. Though I have seen him in moments when a certain fixedness of mood made him somewhat tiresome, I have never seen him when he was shamming or on the wrong key emotionally. One analysis of his performance would be to say that he forces the role so close to himself, not what he himself is, but what he has chosen to make the role—he has a genuine variety in external impersonation—that we are obliged to accept his portrayal almost whole, as if there could not or should not be another conception of it. Another way of describing his work would be to say that his drawing becomes very clean and finds a basic non-confusion before he is done with it.

Of the two parts, however, Miss Cowl's is infinitely more difficult than Mr. Tone's. Much of his is in short speeches, single words, mere glimpses of a shy and repressed being stirred into passionate stress. Her role carries the complex world of knowledge, of memory and of a perplexed despair, goodness and force in the face of her own feeling and the freshness of the young man's. Miss Cowl is also confronted with high or crucial moments in the play's development that the dramatist only half-saw and but dully expressed. She is less good in the lighter scenes than in those that are romantic and almost poetic. On the whole, she makes it easy to believe the liking that the other people have for her and the adoration that the young man gives her, and that it is she who makes the first, new image in his blood. This is not the usual mere praise available for a player in one part or another; it implies a creation of generous and beautiful qualities that will underlie the give and take of her scenes with the other players.

It is about time now to speak of Miss Cowl in another aspect. In our theatre, which but half values its actresses that have passed into maturity, though they are by no means yet old, we have only to look about to see the waste and ruin; actresses by bad chance or scatterbrain now out of the running entirely; just as they approach a quality with some importance or significance to it; actresses gone to pot with this dissipation or that; actresses dwindled from the old vanity, once more or less supported in fact, into a constitutional silliness or exhibitionism; actresses who, through fine ideals, distinguished cultivation or sensitive disillusion, have withdrawn to their own lives, robbing the stage and the playwrights thus of certain kinds of hope; actresses playing still, but without caring what is done or how; and so on through the varied list of cases. Among them Miss Cowl is one of those people in the theatre that consistently holds to her best. She has been so often surrounded with lilacs, sweetmeats and romantic homesteading that not everyone remembers her search from time to time for plays worth doing, from Spanish, shall we say, from Shakespeare or Maeterlinck. But that is [illegible] the point as that not everyone in this newspapers and discussions, on diverse theatre issues and crises, when she has been outspoken and on the righ side. Nor has everyone noticed the discipline among her company when she heads a play. However good their performance is or their directing may or may not have been, there is nothing either flippant or slipshod encouraged in the company around her. She is one of the players in our theatre who respect it; and their number would not crowd you.

STARK YOUNG.

Disney and Others

THE SUCCESS of Mickey Mouse is so great that it overshadows not only the competitors of Walt Disney in the field of animated comics, but Disney's own more interesting work, the "Silly Symphonies." Mickey Mouse is a movie comic of the first order, but I do not think its popularity depends entirely on its artistic merit; it has some of the element of a fad, where it joins the kewpie and the Teddy Bear, and I think because Mickey Mouse is a character, Disney finds himself forced occasionally to endow him with a verbal wit and to give him too much to say, which is against the spirit of the animated cartoon. The great satisfaction in the first animated cartoons was that they used sound properly—the sound was as unreal as the action; the eye and the ear were not at war with each other, one observing a fantasy, the other an actuality. The words of Mickey Mouse are still disguised as animal sounds, but the moment they are recognizable the perfection of the animated drawing is corrupted.

This perfection can be observed in perhaps half a dozen of the "Silly Symphonies." There was one called "Winter" (in a group of the four seasons) in which all sorts and sizes of furry animals watch the movements of the ground hog with anxiety and drive him back into his hole, while his disembodied shadow dances on the ground. In a dance of jubilation the rhythm of the movement and design made by the black and white figures on the screen are in perfect harmony. The music to which they dance is merely a guide to the rhythm. In "Busy Beavers" the ingenuity and the inventiveness of Disney are at their highest point. Here he reverses the favorite device of the animated cartoons. Instead of transforming steam rollers and telegraph poles into fantastic animal shapes, he transforms the beavers virtually into machines; annihilating time and material, they strip and fell trees and build dams at terrific speed, but always suggesting the sawmill, the axe and the lathe. In a symphony called "Egyptian Melodies," he takes you inside the Sphinx and after a beautiful comic dance performed by mummies, the slaves, the soldiers, the high priests, the chariots on the walls suddenly come to life and in the grand climax all the hieroglyphics on two vast columns are animated in a dance of extraordinary excitement and beauty.

These pictures are the perfection of the movie; they are the movie developing in its own field, borrowing not at all from inappropriate sources and transforming draftsmanship and musical composition to its own ends. They have reached the point toward which the photographed and dramatic moving picture should be tending, in which, as in the silent pictures, everything possible is expressed in movement

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acquainted is Max Fleischer, and the best of his cartoons is one called "Sky Scraping," in which a variety of animals carry the skeleton of a building beyond the crescent of the moon and desert it at the five o'clock whistle. The "plots" of drawn comics are seldom more complicated than this and that is another point in which the regular movie might take a lesson from them. I remember seeing this picture first on the same program with one of Harold Lloyd's early talking pictures and was struck by the immense superiority of the simpler form. You see two animal hodcarriers walk rhythmically along a steel beam; they are stepping off into space when a derrick swings another beam at right angles under their feet, and this continues until, having established your confidence, the artist omits the saving beam the last time and the two little beasts walk off unconcernedly into thin air. Red-hot rivets are used for golf balls and flatten themselves (the Anvil Chorus assisting) into their appointed places. And when the detail has been sufficiently shown, the skyscraper is thrown into a long shot and projects itself with enchanting rapidity, floor by floor, into the heavens.

Out of hundreds of animated cartoons, I can recall only two or three which were wholly bad; even the imitative ones and those lacking in ingenuity gave some sort of pleasure. This suggests that something in the form itself is a satisfaction to us. And that satisfaction, I think, is the childish one which the movie as a whole had in its beginning and which long custom and the injection of dialogue has taken away from the photographed drama. It is our pleasure in magic, in seeing the impossible happen. (The movies have also given us the pleasure of recognition in the newsreel, where we see what has actually happened, happen again.) In the early days we looked at a movie and marveled that a picture could be set into motion. Now we do not think of the picture—only of the actors. The animated cartoon shows us in movement something naturally inert, and it is essentially the satisfaction of magic that we get out of it.

Magic—not illusion. I cannot follow the admirers of Disney who attach a profound significance to his contemptuous handling of the Great God Machine. If the animated cartoon created illusion, you might take it as criticism, psychological rebellion and release from the tyranny of things. It remains a plaything, and in a very rudimentary form existed before the terror of the Machine Age set in. Mr. Terry Ramsaye notes, in his history of the moving pictures, that in China and Java silhouettes are cast in shadowy dramas against a screen and these are part of ancient folk plays. The contemporary animated cartoon uses machinery for the same simple process.

On the other hand, the perfection of this form is an American achievement and is bound to have some American qualities. It has no emotion in its comedy; it is repetitious (the reiteration of the musical, dance and chase motifs almost standardize the pattern); it is impertinent; it is genuinely gay.

And it strikes me that nothing is so much to the credit of the American movie public as the tribute it instinctively pays to the very best things the movie has done. I do not think I have ever seen an animated cartoon which at least half of the audience has not applauded at the end. This but these real-estate operations are rapidly becoming the last place in which one can judge either the movies or their audiences.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Lenin and Literature

SIR: Mr. Wilson, in his extremely interesting and incisive articles ["The Literary Class War," The New Republic, May 4-11, 1932], wonders whether Trotsky's political eclipse has brought his literary views into disrepute among orthodox Communists. It may therefore interest you and your readers to know that Lenin, about whom there are no such doubts, shared his colleague's views in some degree. In the conversations with Clara Zetkin, reported in her "Reminiscences of Lenin," discussing art in a communist state, Lenin says:

> We are much too much iconoclasts. We must retain the beautiful . . . take it as an example, hold on to it, even if it is "old." Why turn away from real beauty, discard it for good and all as a starting point for further development, just because it is old? Why worship the new as the god to be obeyed, just because it is "the new"? That is nonsense, sheer nonsense. There is a great deal of conventional art hypocrisy in it, too.

Carmel, Calif. ELLA WINTER.

Tax Exempt Securities

SIR: Your very able and discerning Washington correspondent in a recent article stated in substance that tax-exempt securities ought to have been abolished about eight years ago. As a general statement this is correct both in theory and in fact, but I fear it may give a wrong impression to some of your readers.

About eight years ago, when chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, I introduced in the national House of Representatives an amendment to the Constitution which would have given to the federal government the right to tax all state securities at the same rate its own were taxed, and also to the states a reciprocal right so far as the federal securities were concerned. The bill was supported by the Treasury and passed the House by a very considerable majority, but not, as I now remember, by the necessary two-thirds. At all events, it never was even considered by the Senate. Had it received a fair degree of support from the Southern states, it would have had the necessary majority in the House and probably would have been adopted by the Senate.

It may seem strange that such opposition should exist in the South, where comparatively small amounts of tax-exempt securities are held, but the Southern states, as a rule, are large borrowers and their representatives were moved by the argument that they could borrow money cheaper if permitted to issue tax-exempt securities.

While the issuance of tax-exempt securities is considered by practically all economists to be a great defect in our tax system, I do not think it is quite so serious as it is generally supposed. There are two classes of tax-exempt securities. One, those issued by the federal government, which are exempt from taxation by the several states and exempted from taxation by the federal government when made so by the terms of their issuance. The other consists of securities issued by the several states and their various municipal subdivisions, which are exempted from taxation by the federal government, although a state, when its own citizens hold securities of another state, may place a tax upon them. But it will be observed that there is always the same amount of tax-exempt securities outstanding, which are held by someone. It is true that if these securities are held by persons having large incomes, the loss in revenue is much greater than if they were held by persons of less wealth and income, and undoubtedly there are many large investments in tax-exempt securities in order to avoid the federal income tax. This has always existed, and it is a question how much the amount will be increased by an increase

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porations of the country obviously cannot afford to surrender their control by selling the greater portion of the stocks of such concerns, even if the poorer classes of our citizens could absorb them. On the other hand, there will always be a large amount of federal, state and municipal securities held by people of small means for the reason that they are considered an absolutely safe investment. Some of this class of investors also will buy municipal and state securities to escape state taxation, and not for the purpose of avoiding the federal incom tax.

It is sometimes claimed that a reduction in the heavy surtax rates that prevailed after the War brought about an increase of returns from the federal income tax. A close analysis of the conditions that have prevailed since the Great War, however, shows that the returns from the income tax have invariably risen and fallen in accordance with the conditions of business generally, and that business conditions had far more to do with the income-tax returns than the rate of the surtaxes.

WM. R. GREEN,
Washington, D. C. Judge, U. S. Court of Claims.

It's Good Pie!

SIR: As the writer of the advertising "skit" somewhat fiercely denounced in the article "Eating American" (The New Republic, April 6), I should like to utter a few words of protest: First let me hasten to say that even though I *am* an advertising writer, I am not entirely devoid of a sense of humor, and I found some of Sheila Hibben's remarks quite amusing. Furthermore, I shall not deal with the literary qualities of the "skit" itself (that word is Mrs. Hibben's, not mine!) but the lemon pie—so loudly condemned by the incensed Mrs. Hibben—really deserves a defense.

It's a good pie! And I fear that Mrs. Hibben listened only to criticize and not to learn, or she might have heard just what makes the pie good, and just why it is so remarkably easy to prepare. She quotes the recipe sketchily (and somewhat inaccurately) in tones of deepest scorn. Why? Has she ever *tried* combining sweetened condensed milk with lemon juice? If so, she would discover that this mixture thickens up to a very nice, smooth consistency; rich and lemony. It tastes very good. Surely the housewives of America could do worse than learn how to make lemon pie quickly, easily and inexpensively. As an exponent of the art of cooking, Mrs. Hibben should be glad that women are interested in new quirks; interested in making their menus more sprightly and attractive; instead of immediately denouncing a new idea as she, alas! seems to have done.

Then that matter of the pie crust, which filled Mrs. Hibben with such horror. Again, why? Crushed graham crackers, packed tightly into a pie plate, make a very satisfactory pie crust, as a matter of fact. Does Mrs. Hibben condemn the idea because it's new—because it's quick and easy—because it is inexpensive? Must the housewives of the country spend *all* their time over the kitchen stove, obstinately refusing all time-saving recipes? Apparently Mrs. Hibben thinks they *should!* . . .

What is to become of progress, if women who can't prepare anything but baked apples for dessert, go on preparing them day in, day out . . . without attempting to learn anything new? . . .

I, personally, have been "confronted" many times with these "uncooked condensed milk graham-cracker magic pies" of which Mrs. Hibben so blightingly speaks . . . and have found *them very* good.

Well, well . . . we can't all agree on foods. Personally, I detest corned-beef and cabbage, don't like pan dowdy; can't bear the sight of dumplings. But that doesn't blind me to the fact that since hundreds of people *do* like them, they must have likable qualities. And surely a writer on food should keep an open mind toward her subject, and not be *too* ready to condemn a new dish untried!

I cannot see why lemon pie should not rank along with corned-beef hash, as a good American dish. Neither can I see why it's a crime to discover a quicker and easier way of making it! If it was the grocer who annoyed Mrs. Hibben, I'm sorry; or if she who really meant helpless young woman who caused the trouble, again I'm sorry. But I have no apologies to make for the pie! . . .

RUTH AIKMAN.

P. S. This letter, by the way, is my own purely personal reaction to Mrs. Hibben's article . . . and *not* sponsored by the advertising agency!

New York City.

Scholarships in Europe

SIR: Will you be kind enough to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London and the four weeks' summer session at the University of Munich. These scholarships are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. We are eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the response to the unusual opportunity offered American students. We welcome all letters of inquiry concerning the granting of the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the Drama League Travel Bureau, 15 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

HELEN RAVITCH,
New York City. Director, Drama League Travel Bureau.

American Plays for American Workers

SIR: It is unfortunate that the Workers' Theatre is forced to turn to Europe for its plays. We feel that we do not quite achieve our purpose when we present foreign labor plays to an audience of American workers. This being true, we are making an appeal to American authors to turn their attention to labor and social problems. The American scene is well fitted for plays of this sort. Certainly the field is wide and varied, and is excellent play material.

Authors having plays of this nature are asked to send them to the Workers' Theatre, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City, as promptly as possible.

New York City. HENRY V. OLNECK, Secretary.

Books for Political Prisoners

SIR: There are over two hundred prisoners in the jails of this country under indictment or sentence for their activities and affiliations with the labor movement. Their terms range from one year to life. Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, the six Centralia men, the Scottsboro boys and the Harlan, Kentucky, miners are numbered among them. An idea of the charges against some of them may be had from the fact that three of those charged with "criminal syndicalism" in Kentucky are local ministers sympathetic with the miners. One was arrested for quoting from the Bible the story of Moses leading the children of Israel out of bondage.

Many of these prisoners have repeatedly written, asking for books and magazines to read to combat the deadly monotony of prison life. The Committee for Books for Political Prisoners has just been organized to take care of their requests and collect and forward books to these men.

Many of your readers have books which they no longer want. Here is an opportunity to put them to good use. If you discover such volumes or magazines in your spring house-cleaning, please send them to the Committee. Books of a serious character on politics, economics and philosophy are wanted as well as books for entertainment.

Address your packages to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. George Novack, E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Arrangements can be made to call for packages in New York City.

THE COMMITTEE FOR BOOKS FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS.
George Novack, Chairman; Florence [illegible] Clifton Fadiman Samuel

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Making Soviet Citizens

New Minds: New Men? by Thomas Woody. New York: The Macmillan Company. 528 pages. $4.

History of Russian Educational Policy, by Nicholas Hans. London: P. S. King and Son. 255 pages. 10 shillings 6 pence.

IN 1930 Dr. Hans, in collaboration with another political emigré, Dr. Hessen, who had been a professor of Education in the University of Leningrad (while it was still St. Petersburg), published an account of "Educational Policy in Soviet Russia." While the authors did not conceal their anti-Bolshevist sympathies, the book was upon the whole an objective statement—giving, however, the outward facts rather than the iner life. It was especially valuable because it contained a statement of these later developments, initiated with the dismissal of Lunacharsky, which moved definitely away from the cultural in the direction of the technical, and which substituted a "unification" policy for the educational autonomy previously permitted the various states in Federal Soviet Russia. It thus supplied a needed addition to and correction of accounts (including my own) written a few years earlier. In the present volume Dr. Hans gives a similarly factual, rather dry account of the history of the development (and lack of development) of public education in Russia under the old regime. It is a story of the victory of a "class" over a democratic system, mitigated only by insincere and futile concessions, and by the genuinely liberal efforts of two progressive ministers of education. Dr. Hans concludes that the class character of Russian education was a definite factor in generating the violent revolution. While he himself does not draw the moral, what he says points to the conclusion that some features of the Soviet administration may be explained as a continuation of the old policy, with reversal of classes, and of class privileges. So far as this is a just conclusion, it confirms the belief that the Revolution and present-day Bolshevism are much more definitely Russian phenomena than either the extreme partisans or the extreme opponents of the system are willing to admit.

Dr. Woody's book is written not from the outside, but as the result of many months' direct contact with hundreds of Russian schools scattered all over the country, and of acquaintance, often intimate, with scores and scores of Russian educators. Its general tone is, I think, indicated by the presence of the mark of interrogation in the title The author speaks somewhere in his pages of a "kindly skepticism." He is not referring to himself, but the phrase describes better than any other that occurs to me his own attitude. "Skepticism," however, is to be taken in its literal sense. It signifies the doubting that is equivalent to questioning and suspension of judgment, not that which is identical with denial. Much that is in the book will come like a dash of cold water to the ultra-enthusiasts; and partisanship aside, it contains much material which may be used to support the belief of those who hold that the Soviet rulers are doing their cause an eventual disservice by excess of dogma and indoctrination. Dr. Woody brings out clearly enough the access of energy which can come to an educational system when it is linked up with a social ideal. But he also gives much evidence, and in concrete detail, that constant and uniform social propaganda can become as formal and wooden as any other mechanized system, while it ends, in many cases, by producing callousness and a perfunctory adherence through recourse to dictatorship.

Dr. Woody makes no attempt to cover the entire scheme of Soviet education, although one chapter is given to a general sketch of the system, including some sample curricula. What he deals with is the attempt by means of the schools to produce a new type of mentality, favorable to the collectivist economy and political order which the Communist party is striving to create. Every phase of the undertaking, as far as it affects school life and teaching, is dealt with by the author. Moreover, it is dealt with not in generalities, but in concrete detail, often in verbal extracts from extensive notes made on the spot. The report on schools opens with a picture of Shatsky's educational colony—the school which I imagine best embodies the intrinsic spirit of the new education with the least admixture of routine, conventional and mechanical letter. Then there are chapters devoted to children's literature; Octobrists and Pioneers; the Komsomols, or Communist Youth organization for party apprenticeship; self-organization and self-government; the anti-religious campaign; internationalism; collectivism; feminism, and finally a chapter on physical education.

The unifying thread which binds the chapters together, as well as the various topics considered in each chapter, is the character of the new mind which it is hoped to form. Dr. Woody sums up the desired qualities of this mind under twelve heads. At the risk of undue formalism I will cite them. The new mind is to believe in the dictatorship of the Communist party, which it is to be able to justify by Marxian dialectic; it is to be militant, activist, class-conscious; secular (or atheistic), political, collectivistic (coöperative with groups), anti-nationalistic and international; based on physical health, and making no distinctions on the ground of sex. And finally it is to glorify labor and the laborer.

There is so much detail in Dr. Woody's book that for many persons it will serve as a book of reference rather than as material for consecutive reading. For general reading, it is rather overdocumented. Dr. Woody has too conscientiously abstained from generalization. But, nevertheless, it is a mine of information; those who prefer concrete facts to large and loose generalizations will find it indispensable. Certainly no teacher interested in what is going on in Russia can afford to be ignorant of it. Those whose interest in the Soviet experiment is political and economic can gain from the book a better picture of the difficulties in the way of its success, and of the immense amount of hard work that has to be done, than from many a book dealing directly with the Soviet system. It breathes the spirit of suspended judgment, of toleration, of human sympathy; it will not satisfy partisans on either side. For this very reason, it will perhaps command the confidence of those of us who have a genuine interest in the Russian undertaking, who would like to see it succeed in its ultimate aims, but retain enough of democratic faith to be skeptical about the ruthlessness of its intellectual as well as of its political measures. I wish especially that all our recent literary converts to Communism would study the book until they have definitely made up their minds on the subject of dictatorship and all it implies—for, if they want communism without dictatorship, then the most essential thinking, that which concerns the road to be taken to the ultimate goal, still remains to be done. If it should be decided that democracy is the only alternative road to dictatorship, there will, I think, ensue a great clarification of turbid radical thought—equally so, if the decision is in favor of

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Wyndham Lewis

The Doom of Youth, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Robert R. McBride. 266 pages. $2.50.

The Apes of God, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Robert R. McBride. $3.

WYNDHAM LEWIS was originally a painter, and most of his books are studies, from different angles, of the status of the professional artist in modern society. Any kind of disinterested intellectual effort is, he considers, very much discouraged. The richer classes in post-war Europe and America wish above all things to avoid responsibility and immerse themselves in a flux of sensation; hence the cults of primitivism, of homosexuality and of the child. Many of them pose as artists, not from any genuine enthusiasm, but because artists are traditionally irresponsible and bohemian. Real artists, whose former patrons are now painting pictures themselves, find it impossible to earn a living. Even though Lewis is violently opposed to all his contemporaries, he is optimistic about the future. This very irresponsibility which he deplores means the abdication of the old ruling class; the world is being revolutionized before our eyes. He pictures a new society in process of construction—a society sharply divided into two classes, the disinterested intellectuals who will govern it, and the irresponsible masses who will enjoy the carefree and childlike existence now reserved for the rich.

"The Doom of Youth" illustrates the second of these rather contradictory attitudes. By a dossier of quotations from English newspapers Lewis shows how the young are being encouraged to think themselves superior to their elders, while the middle-aged are compelled to retain as long as possible the habits of youth. In other words, irresponsible energy is more valued than experienced. Lewis chooses to regard this as a conspiracy on the part of big industrialists to justify themselves in dismissing middle-aged workmen instead of raising their wages. In general, however, he approves: it will make the average man more docile and dependent, and thereby make it easier, when the new society is organized, for the disinterested intellectuals to control him. The book is an interesting sociological analysis, but, at best, of minor importance.

"The Apes of God" is Lewis's best achievement so far, and is written in a very different mood. No new society is prophesied: it is a gloomy and savage satire on the rich bohemians of the present. The scene is London. Daniel Boleyn, a moronic young Irishman, is being educated by an elderly gentleman of leisure named Horace Zagreus. Zagreus is himself afflicted by most of the vices of rich bohemianism; but he happens to have learned a contradictory set of ideas through association with a certain Pierpont—obviously Lewis himself. He explains these ideas to his protegé and, to illustrate them, introduces him to a number of specimen bohemians. The book is a description of this personally conducted tour, ending with an elaborate account of a dinner party given by a family of poets. From time to time the narrative is interrupted by commentaries, put into the mouth of Zagreus or some other character, but learned, we are told, from Pierpont. The family of poets is, of course, the Sitwells, and several of the other portraits are easily recognizable.

Parts of the book have an originality of observation and a power of expression unequaled by any other English vocabulary, and his cadences and syntax are closely modeled on those of Joyce. Unlike Joyce, however, Lewis presents only externals; his role is that of an invisible spectator, so much more alive than his victims that by comparison they are made to seem inanimate objects. Some of his descriptions are like slow motion pictures indefinitely prolonged; metaphors are piled so heavily on each other that most readers will find them unbearably monotonous. The last three hundred pages, describing the Sitwell dinner party, are much the best; the bitterness of the satire gives place to an exuberant delight in the extraordinary habits of mankind; Lewis exercises his command of language in passages of fantasy that are almost *poésie pure* in prose.

"The Apes of God" is the most ambitious, and probably the greatest, piece of fiction published in English since "Ulysses." If it is not a genuine masterpiece, it is from lack of discipline. The satire is not sufficiently depersonalized; many of the references, though they may cause acute embarrassment to the individuals concerned, will be meaningless to the ordinary reader. Lewis's use of Pierpont, who never appears himself but is represented as a great genius and a cause of terror to all of London's rich bohemians, is either a private joke which the reader cannot be expected to share or a symptom of megalomania. The commentaries, which summarize the arguments of "The Art of Being Ruled" and "Time and Western Man," will irritate readers who are acquainted with those books and bewilder those who are not; they are merely pamphleteering and are out of place in a work of art.

Lewis observes mankind with the cold detachment of a biologist looking down a microscope. He displays no passion, no human warmth or tenderness; one is conscious only of contempt. Nobody would choose to live in such company for long; but his analyses are so illuminating, his ideas so suggestive and his descriptions so powerful that nobody can afford to neglect him.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES.

Soured Revolutionists

The Decline of the I. W. W., by John S. Gambs. New York: Columbia University Press. 268 pages. $4.25.

THE DISPOSSESSED and disinherited, like other social elements, have had their champions: in recent periods of history they have been represented by the groups which compose the radical fringe of the labor movement. These groups have always been characterized by volatile and impulsive activity, and by an uncompromising attitude toward the existing order. Toward their more moderate competitors in the labor field, and particularly toward the Socialists, they have displayed an even sharper hatred. These statements apply to the Anarchists in Europe, and to their younger brothers the Syndicalists; in the United States, they apply to the I. W. W.

Being characteristically American, particularly in leadership, the Wobblies were weak in philosophy and strong in audacity; their career, especially in its early stages, was full of violence and courage, and is well worth the attention of the historian. Brissenden's scholarly work, "The I. W. W.," told their story up to the time when the movement reached its peak. Dr. Gambs has now undertaken the less exciting task of continuing the narrative from the entrance of the United States into the War until the present day—in other words, of writing the obituary of

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to the best tradition of objectivity, at the same time making the story interesting and important.

To the enemies of revolutionary ideas and activity, the I. W. W. proved a convenient target during the War. Its national and local headquarters were unceremoniously raided, its leaders persecuted. The Wobblies themselves clung heroically to their revolutionary ideals, but the strain was evidently too great: the I. W. W. has failed to come back. Conditions and styles have changed in the labor world; the radical fringe has been grouping itself round a different program. Communism, with a sixth of the globe under its domination, has proved itself an irresistible rival.

In the industrial areas, even in those where it had conducted its most spectacular battles, the I. W. W. failed to regain a foothold after the War. Its activities were automatically limited to fields in which the migratory worker predominates, as in agriculture, railroad construction, lumbering. Here, too, conditions have changed. The "gas tramp" who wanders the country in his "tin lizzie" is not so organizable as the "bum" who traveled in box cars, and who had to join the union or be pitched off the moving train. Agricultural machinery, moreover, has reduced the number of harvest hands. In the lumber camps of the Northwest, the "blanket stiff" has been replaced by the "home guard." In general the migratory worker was a frontier product, whose importance has vanished with the frontier itself.

The ablest leaders of the Wobblies were imprisoned during the wartime persecutions, or stolen away by the Communists, leaving the organization in the control of mediocrities. These began by pillorying Haywood and other outstanding leaders while they were still in jail, then fell to quarreling among themselves. In the midst of personal and extraneous issues, an old question, one which had dogged the I. W. W. since its founding, again came to the fore. There was a bitter dispute between the adherents of centralized, and those of decentralized, control of the union. Meanwhile, the rank and file were apathetic, suspicious of a leadership which had often betrayed them.

The membership of the I. W. W. has come to consist in large part of those soured revolutionists who must, by force of habit, have their affiliation, but who remain cynically inert, satisfied with belonging to an isolated sect. The famous militancy of the Wobblies has disappeared. Sabotage, that challenging word which breathed the fire of revolution, has been discarded from their vocabulary; it has been replaced by the inane term, "slowing down." The I. W. W. carries no chip on its shoulder; it has lost its buoyancy and picturesqueness. Its allies, the revolutionary "playboys" who made the old Masses such a colorful and entertaining publication, have either lost interest in the labor movement or else have gone over to the Communists.

Several times since the War, the I. W. W. has shown signs of returning to life. During the Colorado coal strike of 1927, the old-fashioned militancy and daring reasserted themselves, and there was even a Joan of Arc in the person of "Flaming" Milka Sablich; but these few spectacular events led to nothing. In the matter of legal defense, the organization has made a better record. The experience it gained in defending its persecuted members during the War is now being efficiently applied, by its General Defense Committee, to the trials of the Harlan, Kentucky, miners. But if the I. W. W. is to survive, it must do something more than merely defend itself.

Always an organization lacking in discipline, it began to disintegrate when it lost its revolutionary fervor for attack. At present it is divided into two factions, one led by the agricultural workers' industrial union, with headquarters in Chicago, the other by the lumber workers' industrial union, which functions from Seattle. "However revolutionary the I. W. W. may be in theory, it has become a mild, comparatively gentle organization." Indeed, it is as moribund as the American Federation of Labor. "The I. W. W. is willing to change the world," says Dr. Gambs, "but it is not willing to change itself. Members with constructive suggestions for change and adaptation to post-war conditions are not encouraged to express their opinions. Inflexible, dogmatic, fatalistic—that is the I. W. W."

DAVID J. SAPOSS.

Japanese Culture

Japan: A Short Cultural History, by G. B. Sansom. New York: The Century Company. 537 pages, illustrated. $7.50.

OF THE thousands of books on Japan available to the English reader, few have real merit. Even the more outstanding works must be read with a certain discrimination, for they are likely to fall into one of two categories, depending on the spectacles of the authors. Many insist on drawing false analogies between Japan and the West. Thus, James Murdoch, in the authoritative volumes which make up "A History of Japan," manages to discover, among other things, "Japanese Cornishmen" and "a Japanese Jerusalem." Even the learned Dr. Takekoshi, in his monumental study, "The Economic Aspects of the History of the Civilization of Japan," was not adverse to introducing his readers in the midst of the feudal period, to such things as "thanksgiving days" and "chambers of commerce." Other works on the recommended list are likely to exhibit a superficiality which springs either from the failure to distinguish between myth and historical fact—a distinction that the Japanese historian must not make, especially if drawing a stipend from a governmental institution—or from the failure critically to appraise all source materials. Into this latter classification go most of the other better known works, including those of Brinkley and Hearn.

The above errors are conspicuously absent in Sansom's "Japan: A Short Cultural History." This cannot be due entirely to the author's long residence in the country as a staff member of the British Embassy; others have had the same knowledge of the Japanese language and the same opportunity to become familiar with its people. The superiority of this book lies in the fact that the author writes with a penetration and boldness that are delightfully refreshing, especially if the meticulousness of other historians is fresh in one's memory. It is by far the best excursion into pre-industrial Japan that the English reader can take.

Certain parts of the book are especially good. Not only does the author deal with the cultural borrowings from China and Korea, but he attempts to set forth the effects of these borrowings. This he accomplishes both by intimation and by direct analysis. He pictures the profound conflict which resulted when a set of all-inclusive alien principles were torn from the Chinese culture which produced them, and were superimposed upon the native Japanese habits and institutions. Here were two different religions, theories of land rights and tenure, governmental policies and structures, languages, arts—in brief, two civilizations struggling against each other. This conflict

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serves as a key to several centuries of Japanese development.

If Korea died of her borrowed Confucianism, how did Japan manage to survive? What peculiar circumstances caused the Japanese always to accept, but at the same time to reject? Lafcadio Hearn maintained, as do his followers today, that the explanation is to be sought in the Japanese character; but Mr. Sansom avoids this easy explanation of sociological facts by assumed psychological characteristics: he believes that the answer must be found by examining into the nature of the two conflicting civilizations; and he undertakes this in his "Cultural History." His chapters on the rise and development of feudalism, as well as those dealing with the Tokugawa period, exhibit a penetrating knowledge of underlying economic as well as cultural forces.

The book abounds in reproductions from old woodblocks and scrolls. It is indexed and contains a bibliographical note. WILLIAM L. NUNN.

De Mortuis

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, by W. A. Evans. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 377 pages. $3.50.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S chief claim to distinction has always been that she was the wife of Mr. Abraham Lincoln. The present generation remembers little of the sad aftermath of that distinction. Mary Todd Lincoln, however, to those who give her any thought at all, remains an unfortunate and peculiar figure. Dr. Evans has decided that the public is not just to the lady and has written this book to prove that she was deserving of public sympathy and that her memory remains deserving. Unfortunately for Dr. Evans, and for Mrs. Lincoln's memory, there is no record whatever of her early days that is not tinged either with the eulogistic partisanship of relatives anxious to profit by their relationship or by the defamatory partisanship of those who had a personal liking for Mr. Lincoln but none for his wife.

Dr. Evans goes over the familiar ground of Mrs. Lincoln's early days both in Lexington and Springfield. He produces nothing new, and weakens his book a great deal by the habit—perhaps forced upon him by the paucity of his material—of beginning paragraphs like this: "The probability is that. . . . There is every reason for thinking. . . . It is a pretty good guess that. . . . We can be reasonably sure that. . . . Since we have no information from anyone . . . we can be guided . . ." etc. These illustrations were taken from two successive pages.

Perhaps few public men were less influenced by their wives in their political careers than Abraham Lincoln was. It makes very little difference to our understanding of the Civil War and the man who headed the nation during it that he was married to Mary Todd. It might as well have been Mary Jones. Dr. Evans does not succeed in dispelling this indifference. Mrs. Lincoln was certainly a personality unfitted for the limelight of national eminence. The reason there is nothing known about her is apparently that she did not greatly interest her contemporaries. Dr. Evans looks through the scanty record of her childhood and adolescence for circumstances which might explain the strange vagaries of her later life. He does not find them, except by conjecture. Not because he lacked diligence in research. He did not. But there seemed to be nothing to find. It is like looking for the print of past rainstorms in the sentimentality which it usually half-conceals. Like Laurence

The value of his book lies in its being the first complete account of Mrs. Lincoln's unhappy career after the death of her husband. The shock of that tragedy was not the cause of her mental disturbances, which had been manifest before, but it certainly catalyzed them. She was never a sane woman thereafter; and she was very shabbily treated by Congress. If Dr. Evans does not succeed in exciting any great sympathy for the lady, his work at least should make the reader feel that the less said about Mary Todd either in venom or in praise, the better for the memory of Abraham Lincoln—who, in the quarter-century of their life together, must have learned whether or not her character and personality were being harshly judged. We shall probably never know. RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

NORMAN DOUGLAS, by H. M. Tomlinson. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 78 pages. $2.*

Norman Douglas is a citizen of the world, trained to science, apprenticed to diplomacy, with predilections for art, who wound up in literature. His writings have touched upon so many fields that it would be no enviable task to write a critical study of them—and Mr. Tomlinson has not attempted one, contenting himself with an eighty-page appreciation. He is at his best when speaking of Douglas's travel books, the finest of their kind in our generation. When he tries to define the Douglas style, he is guilty of understatement; but some of his references are suggestive—notably those to Lucian and Laurence Sterne. Congenitally he seems not quite the right person to write about Norman Douglas; there is something about his style too soft and flowing and lacking in emphasis. But any intelligent book about Douglas is a subject for gratitude.

POETRY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND, by Jean Stewart. *Hogarth Lectures, No. 15. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 160 pages. $1.25.*

Miss Stewart undertakes two things in her volume: first, to trace the evolution of poetry in France and in England in order to point out the similarity in principles which prevailed during certain periods in the art of the two countries; second, to establish a correlation between the poets' own theory of their art and their practice of it. The project is interesting enough and Miss Stewart brings to it a full and careful scholarship. The book is certainly one of the best and most original of an increasingly mediocre series.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT, by William Gerhardi. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 356 pages. $3.75.*

Mr. Gerhardi was born in St. Petersburg, the fifth child of British parents who had inherited a cotton-spinning mill on the bank of the Neva. There the artist grew up, a cosmopolite prepared to think in Russian, to exclaim in German over sudden emergencies, to expostulate, "as indeed one must," in French and to use English only as a last resort. To this last resort he was pressed when, after war and revolution had stopped the family income, he was discharged from the staff of the British Military Mission to Siberia. He drew his back pay, set about the study of English literature and, while still an undergraduate, completed his first novel. Katherine Mansfield, whom he never met, found him a publisher; and his reputation, if not his fortune, was made. His present volume consists, in the main, of subjective commentary on episodes in his life which have not already received objective treatment in his fiction. Here is a mixed record of nursery quarrels and literary enthusiasms, of delight in the rigors of Tyrolese scenery and boredom at the home of H. G. Wells, of cynicism with

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joys and sorrows of the lower animals: even now associations roused by the yapping of a small dog will put him in mind of summer days long past and provoke him to that sweet anxiety with which the egoist recalls an unhappy childhood.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 225 pages. $2.50.*

Professor McGiffert has written an accurate and reliable summary of Edwards' life, giving special attention to his writings. He has used unprinted manuscripts, but adds nothing important to the information given in previous biographies. The book will hardly interest the ordinary reader, but students will probably find it the best general introduction to Edwards' theology.

MY ARNOLD BENNETT, by Marguerite, his Wife. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 165 pages. $2.75.*

Mrs. Bennett's "Madonna type" appealed to her "superman," and he married her on July 4, 1907. Having decided that it was about time for him to take a wife and write a masterpiece, he did both. For many years she babied him, protected him and, according to her own account, prevented him from becoming "loose." But though she loved him to the end and could not believe her Arnold no longer loved her, something came between them. She could not be beside his bed when he died but she could and, God help her, did compile these sentimental trivialities as "a token of my love, my appreciation and my admiration for him."

Economics

THE TWELFTH HOUR OF CAPITALISM, by Kuno Renatus. *Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 241 pages. $2.50.*

Kuno Renatus, a German economist, investigates the various factors which are supposed to have contributed to the present world crisis. His examination is thorough, his reasoning acute. The chief cause of the crisis, he decides, is the capital indebtedness, largely internal, left by the War. So far, the most effective means of reducing capital indebtedness has been currency inflation. Herr Renatus does not suggest, however, the inflation of the dollar and the further inflation of the pound as a way of writing down fixed charges. Instead, he advocates a reduction by fiat of the Liberty Loans only. This saving is then to be turned over to Germany by the cancellaton of all her external war debts and reparations, which it would about cover. So unjust and partial a measure, throwing the whole burden on the present holders of Liberty Bonds, seems hardly capable of lightening the load that rests on world industry, and thereby of saving capitalism. In fact, Herr Renatus admits early in the book that external debts are a minor factor in the situation. It is too bad that he did not follow the close reasoning of his analysis to a more logical conclusion. The translator, incidentally, does not seem familiar with American financial terms.

History

A HISTORY OF EUROPE: From 1494 to 1610, by A. J. Grant. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 585 pages. $6.50.*

This book is the fifth volume in the "History of Medieval and Modern Europe," by various authors, now in course of publication. The present volume deals in the main with the sixteenth century, of which the two leading movements were the Reformation and the consolidation of the absolute monarchy in England, France and Spain. The treatment is mainly political, and is very good as such; now and then there breaks through the political and the religious crust an illuminating economic flash, in spite of the author's distrust of the "economic interpretation." A final chapter gives a condensed account of the intellectual, literary and artistic movements; it is in this chapter that, speaking of Montaigne, Mr. Grant gives expresison to a memorable *mot:* "If he was a Catholic, he was far from being a Christian."

HISTORY OF THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS, by William Spence Robertson. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 821 pages. $5.*

In this volume Professor Robertson, of the University of Illinois, surveys the history of th[illegible] brings the outstanding events of each country down to present times, and includes a brief mention of the 1930 revolutions and the inquiry of the Forbes commission in Haiti. The two final chapters deal with the social and political problems common to the Latin-American countries, and with their international relations. While the treatment is necessarily general, and the bibliography not complete, this volume should prove highly useful for educational and references purposes.

Fiction

BABYLON ON HUDSON (Anonymous). *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

Having cast his net in the sea of our recent iniquities, the author of "Babylon On Hudson" would seem to have come away with a haul that was more than he could handle alone. There are few sensational events in the history of New York City during the last four years that do not find their way into these pages somewhere, somehow, with the result that the pattern of chaos presented is actually more confusing than the real thing. The author's attack on the insipidity of the contemporary arts mixes as well with his low-down on the failure of the Bank of United States, the Rothstein case and the Seabury investigation—all thinly disguised—as does his Spenglerism with his Marxism. The portrayal of character is abandoned in the rush to present ideas, and ideas in turn are sacrificed to the whirl of events, so that one closes the book with the impression not so much of having read a novel as having skimmed through back files of newspapers. Nevertheless, "Babylon On Hudson" is a more comprehensive and more intelligent performance than most journalistic novels, and in so far as the author sees our troubled epoch with some sense of perspective and of judgment, it remains not without significance.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who was formerly one of the European correspondents of The New York World, is the author of "Goose Steps to Peace," which was published last fall by Little, Brown and Company.

HART CRANE, who committed suicide April 28 at sea while en route from Mexico, is the author of two books of poetry, "White Buildings" and "The Bridge," both of which were published by Liveright, Inc. His poem published in this issue was his last work.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT is a Boston architect who has published occasional verse in various magazines.

WILLIAM HUSE, JR., a graduate of Stanford University in 1921, has taught English in several colleges on the East and West Coasts and is at present teaching in the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena.

HARRY W. LAIDLER is the author of a number of books on economic subjects, the most recent being "Concentration of Control in American Industry," published last fall by Thomas Y. Crowell.

GILBERT SELDES, at present a columnist for The New York Evening Journal, has published "An Hour with the Movies and the Talkies," "The Wings of the Eagle," "The Future of Drinking," "The Seven Lively Arts" and a recent pamphlet entitled "Against Revolution."

JOHN DEWEY, who needs no introduction to readers of The New Republic, recently published "Philosophy and Civilization" under the imprint of Minton, Balch.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES, the author of "Jonathan Edwards, the Fiery Puritan," which was published last fall by Minton, Balch, is an instructor in the History Department of Washington Square College of New York University.

DAVID J. SAPOSS, a lecturer on Economics at the Brookwood Labor College, is the author of a number of volumes on economic subjects, the most recent being "The Labor Movement in Post-war France."

WILLIAM L. NUNN, formerly an instructor in Economics at Oita College, Oita, Japan, is at present professor of Economics at Dana College at Newark, New Jersey.

RAYMOND HOLDEN, the author of "Abraham Lincoln: The Politician and the Man," is a contributor of prose and

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